

## LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

No. 1214. — September 7, 1867.

## CONTENTS.

		PAGE
1. Life and Letters of Governor Winthrop . . .	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i>	579
2. Brownlows. Part 8 . . .	"	593
3. Memoir of William Edmondstone Aytoun . . .	<i>Examiner,</i>	608
4. End of the Reform Struggle . . .	<i>Spectator,</i>	611
5. Mr. Carlyle on Reform . . .	"	613
6. Japan and Its Currency . . .	<i>Intellectual Observer,</i>	615
7. The Crisis in Italy . . .	<i>Spectator,</i>	617
8. The Meeting of the Emperors . . .	<i>Examiner.</i>	619
9. " . . .	<i>London Review,</i>	620
10. Life in the Landes . . .	<i>The Month,</i>	622
11. Shooting Niagara . . .	<i>London Review,</i>	628
12. Three English Statesmen; Pym, Cromwell, and Pitt . . .	<i>Saturday Review,</i>	630
13. Dean Ramsay on Scottish Humor . . .	<i>Spectator,</i>	633
14. The Meeting at Salzburg . . .	"	635

**POETRY:** A Storm, 578. Voices of the Wind, 578. Go Happy Rose, 592. My Love and I, 639. Euthanasia, 640. In the Choir, 640.

**SHORT ARTICLES:** The Character Insurance Company, 637. Ministering Children; a Sequel, 638. Dr. James Jackson, 638, - 639.

Life in Landes is given as a specimen of a Roman Catholic Magazine. "The Month" is ably conducted.

## NEW BOOK.

**MENTAL AND SOCIAL CULTURE: A Text-book for Schools and Academies.** By Lafayette C. Loomis, A.M., M.D., President of Wheeling Female College. J. W. Schermerhorn & Co. New York.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

LITTELL &amp; GAY, BOSTON.

**TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.**

FOR EIGHT DOLLARS, *remitted directly to the Publishers*, the Living Age will be punctually forwarded for a year, *free of postage*. But we do not prepay postage on less than a year; nor where we have to pay a commission for forwarding the money.

Price of the First Series, in Cloth, 36 volumes, 90 dollars.

Second " " 20 " 50 "

Second			20		50
Third	"	"	32	"	80

ete work	88	"	220	"
----------	----	---	-----	---

### The Complete work

**Any Volume Bound, 3 dollars; Unbound, 2 dollars. The sets, or volumes, will be sent at the expense of the publishers.**

## AUTUMN POEMS.

## I. — A STORM.

It came up as a cloud with purple breast,  
Sailing on, slow and silent, from the west ;  
Heaven's light upon its blue peaks seemed to  
rest.

My garden plot lay bathed in sunny ease ;  
No thunder growled above, only a breeze  
Stirred with low fitful gusts the chestnut trees.

I cannot speak of how the storm came down,  
Or how my fairy land turned sere and brown,  
Seeming to shiver 'neath the tempest's frown.

Where are my roses now ? my blooming pinks ?  
My asters and sweet jassemine ? Methinks  
Each fibre, like my heart, of sorrow drinks.

I thought for every danger to prepare,  
I feared no biting frost nor wintry air ;  
Now all my summer hopes seem buried there.

I will bind up my roses, dripping wet ;  
Perhaps this cruel storm I may forget,  
Perchance some tiny bud may blossom yet.

But while I bend the steaming earth above,  
Hark ! what glad notes break forth from yonder  
grove,  
As though my birds had learned new songs of  
love !

And lo ! as I raise up the tendrils wet,  
On every rain-washed leaf pure gems are set —  
Diamonds, and emeralds, as a coronet.

Oh ! what is this ? Such beauty from despair !  
Such balmy perfumes filling all the air !  
Such liquid notes ! Such jewels passing fair !

O weak heart ! was thy faith so soon o'ercastr,  
Thy trust all scattered by one summer blast ?  
Before thy tears are dry the storm has passed.

Raise then thy altar, as one did of old,  
When the first rainbow of God's mercies told :  
Does not that same hand the sky-fountains hold ?

Yea ! as I bow my head in thankful shame,  
I do confess His mercies are the same :  
I answer humbly, Glory to His name !

## II. — THE VOICES OF THE WIND.

THE wind has a new sound ;  
Not the soft whisper of the early Spring,  
Ere crimped and silky leaves have opened quite,  
When gummy sheaths lie thickly on the ground,  
And greens are tender in the dawning light.

Not Summer's full-voiced tone,  
Through the thick bowers where brooding birds  
may hide,  
When, lying with closed eyes, we seem to hear,  
As on some pebbly shore, the ocean tide —  
A solemn sound of strength, but not of fear.

Nor is it Winter's gale,  
Which beats against our casement with a power  
As strange to this soft gust as its fierce rain  
To the descending dew of April shower —  
A cry at whose deep breath the child grows  
pale.

The sound is none of these.  
It has its own voice, this bright August day :  
A rustling cadence, as of passing wings,  
And leaves, now growing golden on the spray ;  
Their fading life lends crispness to the breeze.

Hast thou a word for me,  
With thy soft, ceaseless passing to and fro,  
Which soothes me, and yet saddens me to hear ?  
If thou hast aught to teach me, let me know.  
If thou hast comfort, tell what it may be.

Our life has seasons too.  
The gay voice of our Spring-time knows no  
fear ;  
The gentle laughter of our children peals  
Like soft May breezes ; and we love to hear  
The cooing of our babes — song ever new.

Our Summer note is strong.  
The confidence of manhood speaks aloud.  
It has to teach and counsel ; and its tone  
Must have a tender firmness in its song ;  
Not tremble into tears, nor idly moan.

Winter we all must know ;  
But we would pray for silence in that hour,  
That a diviner Spirit may control  
Our passion notes — the tempests of the soul,  
The wailing and the murmuring of woe.

O Autumn ! what of thee ?  
Be chastened tenderness thy guiding breath ;  
Knowledge of storm and sunshine temper thee,  
Patience subdue thee, calm love comfort thee,  
And Faith lend sweetness to thy psalm of death.

—Sunday Magazine.

ELPIS.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF GOVERNOR WINTHROP.\*

THE story of the foundation of our American Colonies will always have a deep interest for Englishmen. Let our cousins over the water say and think of us what they will, it will never be without cordial sympathy that we in the old country trace the fortunes of those who went out from among us—our own flesh and blood; a sympathy which no subsequent quarrels or estrangements can destroy.

Even the bitter anger felt by a large section in the mother-country at the rebellion of our colonists, and the unwillingness to grant them independence, had its origin in a jealous affection. We could not bear that our children should repudiate what we held to be a natural bond of allegiance. Just as many a parent now resents with jealous heart-burnings the day when son or daughter, grown to mature estate, claim to think and decide for themselves, whether in the matter of marriage or of some other weighty question of life; just as they sometimes try to draw the cords of filial duty tight, till they snap on the sudden, and leave child and parent severed far apart,—so it was with England and her grown-up sons over the sea. The feeling may not have been wise or reasonable in the one case more than in the other, but it was natural and genuine in both; and no one can read the records of those days fairly without confessing that it was so. Even those who hold the conduct of the mother-country to have been arbitrary and unreasonable, should remember that so it is also in the case of all these family disruptions; however bitter may sometimes be the fruits, the root they spring from is not altogether evil: they are but the outgrowth of the jealousy which, somehow or other, intertwines itself with our best natural affections.

The early settlements on the coast of New England were planted by men who termed themselves, very justly, nothing more than "adventurers;" they professed no higher object than trading and fishing, and all of them resulted more or less in failure. "They were like the habitations of the foolish" (says an old Puritan chronicler, quoting Job), "cursed before they had taken root." The leading spirits

among these early pioneers were men of considerable enterprise, but little principle; they treated the native inhabitants with treachery and cruelty, and suffered themselves in return. But soon there came a new influx of colonists of a very different character. The congregation of Puritan separatists who had emigrated from the north of England to Holland eleven years before, under Johnson, Robinson, and other leaders, had found little encouragement there beyond a safe refuge and liberty of opinion. The artisan life of Amsterdam and Leyden did not suit their former habits: they longed for a freer range and more pastoral occupations. There seemed some risk, too, of that "Independent" Church, for which they had given up so much, declining in strictness of principles as well as in numbers, owing to the constant intermarriage of its younger members with the Dutch. So, in 1620, a band of some hundred and twenty (did they remember as an omen the number of the names of the disciples before Pentecost?) set sail in the Mayflower, with the parting blessing of their old pastor, Robinson—grown too old now to shift his tents again. They landed on the well-known Plymouth Rock, and founded the town of New Plymouth. Few as they were, and slow as was the increase of the colony for some time, they soon found themselves too many for unity. In less than five years one of their ministers, Blackstone, found Independency at New Plymouth by no means independent enough for his taste: he "had left England," he said, "because he could not abide the Lord Bishops, but still less could he abide the Lord Brethren." He withdrew, and settled himself at Shawmut, now known as Boston. Roger Conant, for some similar reason, separated himself also with a few followers, and planted a branch colony at Cape Anne; but so great were the sufferings of these last seceders, that, though reinforced by Endicott, who was sent out from England as "Governor" with a small body of new emigrants, they had made up their minds to return, not to New Plymouth, but to England, in the teeth of Prelacy and its persecutions. But friends and sympathisers in the old country rallied round them, persuaded them to hold on a while, and obtained from the King, not without cost and trouble, the first charter of "The Company of Massachusetts Bay," with power to elect their own governor, make their own laws, and hold their own opinions. Armed with these privileges, some three hundred and fifty new

\* 'Life and Letters of John Winthrop, Governor of the Massachusetts Bay Company at their Emigration to New England.' By Robert C. Winthrop. Boston (U. S.) 1864-66.

emigrants set sail in six armed vessels for the new plantation, which they found in sad case; but, nothing daunted, they set to work to build two clusters of huts which they called towns, and, to show their loyalty as well as their faith, named them Charles-town and Salem.

These last emigrants came chiefly from Dorsetshire and Lincolnshire, and most of them left England for conscience' sake. Their leaders were divines of the English Church who had been "silenced" by the Court of High Commission. Some of the class of adventurers had wished to join them; but their company was declined. They would shake themselves free, they said, of "those bestial, yea diabolical sort," who had already ruined so many hopeful plantations. Some of the disappointed aspirants used equally strong expressions on their part. Captain John Smith, a man of great energy and enterprise, who had taken an active part in the earlier settlement of Virginia, and had assumed the high-sounding titles of "Governor of Virginia and Admiral of New England," offered his services to this new expedition, as he had to the earlier voyagers in the *Mayflower*—but in vain; he speaks of them as "an absolute crew, only of the elect, holding all but such as themselves to be reprobate"—all ready to rule, but none to obey, and determined to be "lords and kings of themselves." There was some unpleasant truth in the accusations on both sides; but the solemn fast with which the emigrants inaugurated their voyage, the daily expositions and the Sunday catechisings which took place on board their ships, awed even the sailors into reverence for men who were so plainly in earnest.

Their first winter in the new country was a terrible one. Eighty of their number died. But they bore it bravely, and sent home, as many an emigrant has since, accounts more cheering than strictly truthful. This and other causes turned the eyes of many in England to the new field of enterprise across the Atlantic. A large body at home were growing more and more dissatisfied with the arbitrary proceedings in Church and State. The Massachusetts Bay Company projected the transfer of its charter, corporation, and government to the colony itself; and a knot of men of some position and estate in the eastern counties, of a higher class than had hitherto joined the adventure, was meditating a new embarkation.

The leading spirit, in this which may be called the second Puritan emigration, was

John Winthrop, whose remarkable "Life and Letters," recently published in America by one of his descendants, now lie before us. To him, it is evident even from the admissions of his rivals, his fellow-adventurers mainly looked for strength and counsel in their enterprise. The chief public events of his life, so far as the history of the colony is concerned, are embodied in the record which he drew up himself—"The History of New England from 1630 to 1649,"—and which was published, from the original manuscripts, early in the present century. Many of his letters have also been printed at different times. But he was a man who well deserved a special record. The details of his personal and family life have a double interest: they not only illustrate a critical period of our English history, civil and religious, but they help us to a thorough comprehension of one who must be regarded as, in a very large measure, the founder of the great American nation. He is one of the best, as he is one of the strongest types of the men to whom New England owes her real greatness. If we are inclined to find fault with his present biographer, it is that he has assumed somewhat too familiar an acquaintance, at least so far as his English readers are concerned, with the collateral history of the eventful times of which he writes. Eventful as they were for England, they were more vitally eventful for America; and no doubt the biography of the Pilgrim Fathers is a household tale in most homes in Boston. Yet even for readers so sympathising and well informed, we think the interest of these volumes would have been heightened by further incidental notices of those with whom Winthrop was so closely associated—whose lives, it may be said, were a part of his own. For readers on our side of the Atlantic, this biography absolutely requires such illustration; and we must take leave here to fill up the sketch, which we gladly borrow from Mr. Robert Winthrop's pages, out of some of those materials which, abundant as they are, may probably be more familiar to his countrymen than to ours.

John Winthrop was the only son of Adam Winthrop of Groton House, near Sudbury; one of the old Suffolk country squires, a justice of the peace for his county, with a moderate estate and a roomy old manor-house, where good old English hospitality was liberally but unostentatiously dispensed; where the judge and the barristers on circuit, and the brother magistrate at sessions-time, and the rector or his sub-



stitute on Sundays, sat down alike to the early dinner — *dapes inemptas* — where the capon or turkey and short-legged down mutton was bred on the manor farm, and the pike ("three-quarters of a yard long, *ut puto*," notes the master of the feast) came fresh from the manor pond. Occasionally a present of half a buck would come in from some grander neighbour, as Sir Thomas Savage of Melford, a place still so famous for the quality of its venison, that the present French Emperor sent for some of the breed to stock one of his own parks. These Winthrops were connected by marriage with the Lord Burnell (of Acton Burnell), the Mildmays, the Fownes, and other ancient families in their own and other counties. They were patrons also of the Rectory of Groton, and stanch friends of the Reformed Church. Both Adam Winthrop and his son John were great encouragers of preaching — the latter, indeed, could on occasion preach himself; and not content with such supply as they found at their parish church, would attend at the neighbouring churches of Boxford and Edwardston (there were Thursday preachings as well as Sunday), whenever any divine of note was to be heard there. It is a noteworthy sign of the times that Adam the father records in a curious journal which he kept, that in these three small churches he heard no less than thirty-three different preachers (whose names he gives) within the space of one year. This constant interchange of pulpits among the Puritan divines may partly account for the inordinate length of their sermons; for it would have been almost impossible for a man to supply his own parishioners with that amount of fresh matter Sunday after Sunday. Most of these discourses, however, seem to have been written ones; for he notes, evidently as something out of the usual course, "This daye Mr. Grice preached at Boxford *ex improviso*."

In this old manor-house of Groton, John Winthrop was born in January 1587 (8). His education was liberal. We do not learn where he was at school; but at the age of fourteen he was entered at Trinity College, Cambridge. He left after two years of residence, taking no degree. Whether this premature removal was the consequence of a serious illness which he had while at college, or whether it was in contemplation of some other responsibilities which, as we shall presently see, he was about to take upon himself thus early, is not clear. But his university training was by no means wasted. It is plain from his subsequent

correspondence with his son, when the latter in his turn went to college, that he was no mean proficient in writing Latin; and the formal syllogisms which occur now and then in documents of his composition go far to prove that in those days the Cambridge men did not despise logic so much as their successors are reputed to do.

More than once in his after-life, he set himself to record his religious thoughts and feelings, the struggles of his conscience, and his spiritual progress and decline. His biographer says of these memoranda what is most probably true enough, that they were "plainly intended for no eye but his own." The same is said, and perhaps with equal truth, of all such religious diaries. But, whatever the wish or intentions of the writer they are usually frustrated, if he be a person of any mark, by the inevitable course of events; and unless he has the strength of mind to destroy them before his death, they fall into the hands of friends whose love and admiration are sometimes greater than their judgment, and so find their way inevitably into the pages of a printed memoir, where it is presumed their author would least have wished to see them. In a private record of this character, which he calls his '*Experiencia*,' jotted down at a somewhat later period of his life, John Winthrop speaks of himself as having been, in his early youth, "very lewdly disposed, inclining unto and attempting (so far as my heart enabled me) all kinds of wickedness except swearing and scorning religion, which I had no temptation unto in regard of my education." So again a little farther on he describes himself as "still very wild and dissolute." The interpretation which his present biographer puts upon these and some similar expressions is almost certainly the true one.

"His language must undoubtedly be taken with some grains of allowance for the peculiar phraseology and forms of expression which belonged to the times in which it was written, and also for that spirit of unsparing self-examination and self-accusation which was characteristic of all the Puritan leaders. . . . As, in his mature manhood, in his wilderness retreat, and from that lofty eminence of personal purity and piety on which he had now planted himself, he looked back over the course of his life, and found so little to reproach himself with except the follies and frailties of childhood, he seems to have been impelled to magnify every youthful peccadillo to the full measure of a deadly sin, in order that there might be something on which to exercise the cherished graces of confession, humiliation, and self-abasement. It may be, however, that he really was as wild a lad as

his words would seem to imply, and that the corruptions of his youth weighed heavily upon his conscience in later years."

We make bold to acquit John Winthrop of any such charge, in spite of the highly-coloured evidence which he has borne here against himself. 'A catalogue of Sinnes,' which he makes at another period, is happily locked up in a cipher said to be unintelligible, and which we trust may remain so; and we could have been well content — in spite of one or two striking passages — if the whole of his religious experience had been left in the same concealment. These morbid self-dissections are repulsive to most minds, and can be healthful to none.

However, when he was little more than seventeen, John Winthrop, with the full consent of his friends, was married to an heiress, the daughter of John Forth, of Great Stambidge, in Essex — a fact sufficient to account for his short stay at Cambridge. At eighteen he was a father, and, what may seem more remarkable, a justice of the peace. After the simple and patriarchal fashion of the time, he continued to reside partly in the manor-house — his father resigning to him much of the management of the family estate, and even the lordship of the manor — and partly with his wife's father at Stambidge. At twenty-eight he was a widower, with four surviving children. Of his life during these years there is little record; but an entry among his 'Experiences' shows us that, like most English country gentlemen, he was fond of field-sports, but had some scruples of conscience about indulgence in them.

"1611, Dec. 15. — Findinge by muche examination that ordinary shootinge in a gunne, etc., could not stande with a good conscience in myselfe, as first, For that it is simply prohibited by the lawe of the lande, uppon this grounde amongst others, that it spoiles more of the creatures then it getts: 2. It procures offence unto manye: 3. It wastes great store of tyme: 4. It toyles a man's bodye over muche: 5. It endangers a man's life, etc.: 6. It brings no profite, all things considered: 7. It hazards more of a man's estate by the penaltye of it then a man would willingly parte with: 8. It brings a man of worth and godliness into some contempt: lastly, For mine owne parte, I have ever binne crost in usinge it, for when I have gone about it, not without some woundes of conscience, and have taken muche paynes and hazarded my healtie, I have gotten sometimes a very little, but most commonly nothing at all, towards my cost and labour:

"Therefore I have resolved and covenanted with the Lorde to give over altogether shoot-

inge at the creeke; and for killing of birds etc., either to leave that altogether, or els to use it bothe verye seldome and *very secretly*. God (if He please) can give me fowle by some other meanes; but if He will not, yet, in that it is His will who loves me, it is sufficient to uphould my resolution."

John Winthrop was an excellent man, though a bad shot, and we have no intention of judging him by these odd scruples of conscience. It is easier to appreciate the honesty with which he clinches his arguments against shooting, by the consideration that the result of his "paynes" in that way was "most commonly nothing at all," than the peculiar form of piety which makes "a covenant with the Lorde" to follow a profane and unedifying sport "very secretly." But such was the distorted spiritual vision of the men of that peculiar school; we may afford to smile at their weaknesses, as they might at some of ours; but to refuse on that account to recognise their many noble qualities, would be to show a narrow-mindedness on our own part far less excusable than theirs.

Winthrop soon married again. His second wife was Thomasine Clopton, one of the famous Cloptons of Castleins, a country-house near Groton. In a year and a day after their marriage she died in child-bed, and left him again a widower. He has left an account of her last hours, which, though disfigured in many places (as we venture to think) by the peculiar phraseology of his religious school, is yet full of simple earnestness and pathos. The concluding passage, in which he sums up her character, is wholly admirable.

"She was a woman wise, modest, loving, and patient of injuries; but her innocent and harmless life was of most observation. She was truly religious, and industrious therein; plain-hearted, and free from guile, and very humble-minded; never so addicted to any outward things (to my judgment) but that she could bring her affections to stoop to God's will in them. She was sparing in outward show of zeal, &c., but her constant love to good Christians, and the best things, with her reverent and careful attendance of God's ordinances, both public and private, with her care for avoiding of evil herself and reproving it in others, did plainly show that truth and the love of God did lie at the heart. Her loving and tender regard of my children was such as might well become a natural mother: for her carriage towards myself, it was so amiable and observant as I am not able to express; it had this only inconvenience, that it made me delight too much in her to enjoy her long."

A blank space in his little volume of memoranda, in which no entry seems to have been made for some weeks at least, marks the void in his life made by this second bereavement. He fell for a while into a state of apathy and despondency. But he was too energetic and too conscientious to allow the blow to break him down utterly. After two years he married a third time — Margaret, daughter of Sir John Tindal of Maplestead, who had not long before been assassinated by a man who was disappointed by one of his decisions as a Master in Chancery. It seems to have been a wise and prudent choice; and there was no disparity of age, for Margaret Tindal was but four years younger than her husband. The courtship was after the grave and formal fashion of the times; but their affection was mutual and sincere, and seemed to grow with their married years.

Winthrop was at this time practising the law, and attending the courts both in London and on circuit. He had chambers in the Temple, was employed occasionally in the drafts of bills for Parliament, and had a considerable practice amongst clients of some distinction. A few years afterwards he obtained the office of "Attorney to the Court of Wards and Liveries" — an institution of Henry VIII, the jurisdiction of which extended over widows, wards, and lunatics. His residence in London separated him a good deal from his wife, but their correspondence was regular and affectionate. She was continually sending him up country delicacies from the manor — turkeys, capons, runlets of cider, and cheeses, often with deprecatory apologies for their not being so excellent as she could wish; and he in return chooses silk and "trymming" for her dress, and sends presents of oranges for herself, and a little tobacco for her mother, Lady Tindal. Tobacco was one of the indulgences (possibly one of the sins) to which John Winthrop himself confessed; and no doubt he and his excellent mother-in-law smoked many a pipe of it together by the hall fireside at Groton Manor, though it was rather an expensive luxury. Here is a letter of his from the country to his eldest son, now keeping his law terms at the Inner Temple: —

"We want a little tobacco. I had very good, for seven shillings a-pound, at a grocer's by Holborn Bridge. There be two shops together. It was at that which is farthest from the bridge, towards the Conduit. If you tell him it is for him that bought half a pound of Verina and a pound of Virginia of him last

term, he will use you well. Send me half a pound of Virginia."

Indeed he confesses that he had "fallen into a bondage" to this seductive weed; and a year later, in consequence of a dangerous illness from malignant fever, he "gave it clean over." The prevalence of the habit of smoking was a snare to the consciences of these excellent Puritans both in Old and New England. By the early laws of Massachusetts, tobacco was strictly prohibited; but the habit was too strong for law, and the most respectable magistrates and ministers continued to enjoy their pipes: most of them, like Winthrop with his gun, "very secretly," yet not so secretly but that great scandal was caused to the Church thereby. Heretics, Quakers, and witches, they had made short work with; but tobacco beat them: it was too strong a measure, even under that strong government, to hang a man for smoking — not to say that it would have been inconvenient for a rising colony to hang half their community. So, after much grave and anxious debating of the question, a resolution was passed, in their quaint-wording, that "tobacco should be set at liberty;" and any one who has chanced to observe a modern New Englander's habits in the use of it, will admit that this "liberty" is at present very considerable.

But we must return to John Winthrop and his wife Margaret. The deep love and affection they bore each other is very pleasant to read of. The stern gravity which marked the writer from his earliest years melts into tender playfulness when he takes his pen in hand for her. She received her love-letters — real love-letters — after marriage, a privilege which few wives enjoy. The husband's letters from his London chambers are very different productions from those which the suitor wrote "to his dearest friend Mrs Margaret Tyndal." If it is fair to judge from the two specimens which have been preserved, these were of the most discreet and coldest pattern. Admirable advice — especially in the delicate matter of dress; solemn hints that, though he "will meddle with no particulars," he hopes his future wife will "content" him by dressing plainly; but as for the "love" they contain, they might (but for a passing adaptation of Solomon's Songs) have been read aloud to a company of the most inveterate spinsters. His letters, indeed, have always a religious tone: it was the abiding habit of his mind, sometimes overwrought, but always earnest and sincere; but they

have an abundant seasoning of that human affection which—we gladly learn from indisputable authority—is the reflex of a higher love. The very terms of endearment, varied letter after letter, are an index to the feeling which could hardly satisfy itself in common words. "My sweet wife"—"Most deare and lovinge wife"—"Mine owne sweet self"—are only some out of the many forms of loving address with which his letters begin. For her, the Puritan husband could almost find it in his heart to adopt that vain and idolatrous show of reverence for saints' days, against which he would surely have said "anathema" to the parson of Groton. Writing to his Margaret on the 14th of February, he says, in a little loving postscript, "Thou must be my Valentine, for none hath challenged me." Even when "straightened in time," he says "I would not let a week passe without letting thee heare from me;" a resolution, the virtue of which must not be measured by these days of penny postage. He had to send his letters by such private hands as he could hear of, and hunt out with some pains and difficulty; such as "neighbour Cole" and "goodman Newton." Nor were such bearers always trustworthy. His son Forth (named after his mother) was rash enough, when at Cambridge, to trust a letter-home to the hands of a volunteer postman instead of sending it by the regular Cambridge carrier, old Hobson\* (who meets us again unexpectedly in these pages), and the letter never got delivered at all.

It is difficult, out of these many love-letters, to choose one as a specimen. This at least is of the briefest:—

"My sweet Wife,—I blesse the Lorde for His continued blessings upon thee and our familie; and I thanke thee for thy kinde lettres: But I knowe not what to saye for myselfe: I should mende and growe a better husband, havinge the helpe and example of so good a wife, but I growe still worse. I was wonte heretofore, when I was longe absent, to make some supplye with volumes of lettres; but I can scarce afforde thee a few lines: Well, there is no helpe but by enlarginge thy patience, and strengtheninge thy good opinion of him who loves thee as his owne soule, and should count it his greatest affliction to live without thee; but because thou art so deare to him, he must choose rather to leave thee: for a tyme than to enjoye thee: I am sorrye I must

\* It can be hardly necessary to remind our readers of "Hobson's Choice" or of Milton's epitaphs on the trusty old carrier. Mr. R. Winthrop calculates that Hobson must have been now eighty-three years old—still in full work.

still prolonge thy expectation, for I canot come forth of London till Tuesdaye at soonest. The Lord blesse and keepe thee and all ours, and sende us a joyfull meetinge. So I kisse my sweet wife, and rest thy faithfull Husband,

"JOHN WINTHROP.

"Thy syder was so well liked that we must needs have more as soon as thou canst.

"Nov. 26, 1624."

Well might Margaret write in reply, "I am wel persuaded of thy love, and can see it in a few lines as in a whole volem." Her spelling is of the most impromptu kind, even for those days, when Government "standards" (or any other standard in such matters) were unknown, and every man and woman fought for their own hand in the way of orthograghy; but John Winthrop had surely never the heart to criticise it. She writes the following at a time when he has cut his hand:—

"Lovinge and most deare Husband,—Now in this solytary and uncomfortable time of your longe absence, I have no other meanes to shew my love but in these poore fruts of my pen, with which I am not able to expresse my love as I desire, but I shall endeavor allwaies to make my duty knowne to you in some measure though not answeareable to your deserts and love. Although it pleseth God to part us for a time, I hope He will bringe us to gether againe, and so provide that we may not be often asunder, if it may be for our good and His glory; and now I thinke longe to heare of thee and of your safe cominge to London. I will not looke for any longe letters this terme because I pitty your poore hande; if I had it here I would make more of it than ever I did, and bynde it up very softly for fear of hurting it."

He had a serious illness, once, in his town chambers; and then, and only then, the wife is disobedient. In spite of his charge "not to think of coming up," she sets out with only the escort of her maid Amy on a winter's journey to London. The only omission on her part of which her husband makes even a semblance of complaint is curiously feminine: "Thy sweet letters (*without date*), how welcome they were to me I cannot expresse." But in truth such letters are of no date; the affection which breathes through them has no characteristics of past or present. There needs the less apology for having lingered over the pages which record it.

Of Winthrop's sons, the elder, John, had tried the law, as we have seen. Either it did not suit his taste, or he made no way in it. He seems to have been a restless spirit.

He now joined the fleet under the Duke of Buckingham, and went out in the *Due Repulse* to the relief of Rochelle. Some words of parting advice which his father wrote to him have a right noble tone, in spite of what may seem a tinge of fatalism. The true Puritan could fight as well as pray.

"Be not rash, upon ostentation of valour, to adventure yourself to unnecessary dangers; but if you be lawfully called, let it appear that you hold your life for Him who gave it you, and will preserve it unto the farthest period of His own holy decree. For you may be resolved that, while you keep in your way, all the canons or enemies in the world shall not be able to shorten your days one minute.

The son soon returned, liking the sea perhaps no better than the law; and it was in this erratic member of the family that the longing for emigration first showed itself. He had at one time a wish to join Endicott's expedition to New England, already mentioned. He did not go, though his father rather encouraged it than otherwise; but there is no evidence that the elder Winthrop felt any personal interest in these earlier emigrations, or had any thought at this time of being possibly led himself in the same direction. John Winthrop, the younger, contented himself for the present with a foreign tour, which extended as far as Constantinople.

It is in some letters of the next year that we find Winthrop first entertaining the idea of expatriation. But the materials for his biography at this point seem to be far more scanty than at some less interesting periods of his life. We can only learn that he was no longer "Attorney of the Court of Wards." Perhaps he resigned it from dislike of the work; more probably, as his biographer suggests, "his opposition to the course of Government at this period, and his manifest sympathy with those who were suffering under its unjust exactions and prescriptions, may have cost him his place." The expressions in his letters favour this conclusion. "I think," he says in one, "mine office is gone;" in another, "Mine office is gone, and my chambers both." He writes to his wife:—

"My occasions are such as thou must have patience till the ende of next weeke, though I shall strive to shorten it, if possible I may; and after that I hope we shall never parte so long againe, till we parte for a better meetinge in heaven. But where we shall spend the rest of our short tyme I knowe not; the Lord, I

trust, will direct us in mercye: my comfort is, that thou art willinge to be my companion in what place or condition soevere, in weale or in woe."

The reasons which induced Winthrop and his fellow-adventurers to quit their native country for the then almost unknown shores of America may be best given in his own words. It does not appear that, in the case of this particular body of emigrants, the most considerable of all, it was any actual persecution for conscience' sake which impelled them to it. Partly they had a desire "to carry the gospel into those parts of the world, to help on the coming of the fulness of the gentiles, and to raise up a bulwark against the kingdom of Antichrist which the Jesuits laboured to rear in those parts." They thought, too, that "evil times were coming," and that "the Church had no place left to flie unto but into the wilderness." But partly also they were led, like modern emigrants, by the hope of bettering their fortunes; and it is curious to find them complaining, in those early days, of difficulties in the old country which we are apt to look upon as of much more modern development—the pressure of an increasing population, so that "the land grows weary of her inhabitants;" the growing extravagance of living, "so as no man's estate almost will suffice to keep sail with his equals;" the "unsupportable charge" of a liberal education for their children, and "the deceitful and unrighteous course" of all "arts and trades," so that "it is almost impossible for a good and upright man to maintain his charge and live comfortably in any of them." But for the antique turn of the sentences, we might readily imagine that in these 'Reasons,' drawn up by John Winthrop, more than two hundred years ago, 'for justifying the Undertakers of the intended Plantation in New England,' we were reading the arguments advanced by a modern English gentleman with a large family and small estate for emigrating to Australia.

That the difficulty of keeping up his position in his native country, with a large and increasing family, was one of the most weighty inducements which led John Winthrop to turn his thoughts to New England, is evident from another paper found in his own handwriting, and which his descendant has now printed for the first time. It is called 'Particular Considerations in the Case of J. W.'

"1. It has come to that issue that (in all



probability) the welfare of the plantation depends upon his going, for divers of the chief undertakers (upon whom the rest depend) will not go without him.

"2. He acknowledges a satisfactory calling, &c.

"3. Though his means be sufficient for a comfortable subsistence in a private condition here, yet the one-half of them being disposed to his three elder sons, who are now of age, he cannot live in the same place and calling with that which remains; his charge being still as great as before, when his means were double; and so if he should refuse this opportunity, the talent which God hath bestowed upon him for public service were like to be buried."

There is evidence besides, from his own letters, that, to meet his increasing family charges, he had borrowed money from relatives, which he had some difficulty in paying. There was a prodigal, too, even in that well-ordered family. The third son, Henry, had gone out, not in very edifying company, to seek his fortune as a tobacco-planter in Barbadoes ("Barbatus," his mother with much originality, spells it), and was always writing home for supplies, and promising to send large returns, which never came; so that at length the father is compelled to write to the effect that he neither will nor can do more for him; "I owe more already than I am able to pay without sale of my land."

Winthrop's motives for emigration, therefore, were of a much more mixed character than either his past or present biographers seem willing to allow. But none of them were at all to his discredit; and the high estimation in which his character was held by those who knew him best, is evidenced not only by the unwillingness which he mentions of the "chief undertakers" to go without him, but by the fact that he was chosen by them unanimously first Governor of the Massachusetts Bay Company, now to be transferred to New England.

The chief names among those who were associated with him in this enterprise were Sir Richard Saltonstall, who took over with him three sons and two daughters, Isaac Johnson, John Humphrey (chosen first Deputy-Governor), and Thomas Dudley. All of them were men of some local influence and position. Johnson had married the Lady Arbella Clinton, and Humphrey the Lady Susan, daughters of the Earl of Lincoln, who both accompanied their husbands, undeterred by the discomforts of such a voyage or the hardships of a settler's life. Winthrop had no such pleasant companionship. His wife was expecting her

confinement, and it was arranged that she should follow next spring, when she and her infant might be fit to cross the sea. He had reason afterwards to rejoice in an arrangement which was at the time a severe trial to the affection of both. His three younger sons, Henry, Adam, and Stephen, were to be of the company; and he was so fortunate as to persuade his friend and neighbor, William Gager, "a right godly man and skilful chyrurgeon," of whom he is informed that the country practice in the Suffolk villages does not "afford such sufficient and comfortable employment as his gifts doe require," to give the new colony the benefit of his skill.

Winthrop spent his last Christmas in England at the old manor-house with his wife and family in 1629. There it was, most likely, that the parting scene took place which Hubbard has recorded, when, "at a solemn feast amongst many friends, a little before their last farewell, finding his bowels yearn within him, instead of drinking to them, by breaking into a flood of tears himself, he set them all a-weeping with Paul's friends, while they thought of seeing the faces of each other no more in the land of the living." In the following March he embarked with his party at Southampton. There were seven hundred of them in all; and quite a little fleet — no less than eleven ships — had been provided for their transportation. But only four were ready to sail at the time appointed, and Winthrop would not wait. Of these four vessels, the Admiral, of 350 tons, carrying twenty-eight guns and fifty-two men, was named the 'Arbella,' in compliment to Johnson's noble and beautiful wife, the acknowledged heroine of the expedition. The former name of this vessel had been the Eagle, and our present author's American sentiment so far overrides his chivalry that he actually regrets the change. It is the only instance of bad taste in his volumes. Our own admiration for the "bird of freedom" certainly does not carry us so far. The ships were detained by adverse winds at Cowes, and again off Yarmouth; and during this delay Winthrop again and again wrote parting letters to his wife. They have been well worth preserving: we can only find room for a part of one of them: it is dated "From aboard the Arbella; riding at the Cowes, March 28, 1630."

"And now, my sweet soul, I must once again take my last farewell of thee in Old England. It goeth very near to my heart to leave thee; but I know to whom I have committed



thee — even to Him who loves thee much better than any husband can, who hath taken account of the hairs of thy head, and puts all thy tears in His bottle, who can and (if it be for His glory) will bring us together again with peace and comfort. Oh, how it refresheth my heart to think that I shall yet again see thy sweet face in the land of the living! that lovely countenance that I have so much delighted in, and beheld with so great content! I have hitherto been so taken up with business as I could seldom look back to my former happiness; but now, when I shall be at some leisure, I shall not avoid the remembrance of thee, nor the grief for thy absence. Thou hast thy share with me; but I hope the course we have agreed upon will be some ease to us both. Mondays and Fridays, at five of the clock at night, we shall meet in spirit till we meet in person. Yet if all these hopes should fail, blessed be our God that we are assured we shall meet one day, if not as husband and wife, yet in a better condition. Let that stay and comfort thine heart. Neither can the sea drown thy husband, nor enemies destroy, nor any adversity deprive thee of thy husband and children. Therefore I will only take thee now and my sweet children in mine arms, kiss and embrace you all, and so leave you with God. Farewell, farewell. I bless you all in the name of the Lord Jesus."

Another letter of farewell, written to his dear friend Sir William Spring, one of the members for the county, is expressed in almost passionate terms of affection. The fervid apostrophe at the end, in Winthrop's favourite language of the 'Canticles,' has an eloquence of its own:—

"But I must leave you all: our farewells usually are pleasant passages, mine must be sorrowful. This addition of 'forever' is a sad close, yet there is some comfort in it — bitter pills help to procure sound health. God will have it thus, and, blessed be His holy name, let Him be pleased to lift up the light of His countenance upon us, and we have enough. We shall meet in heaven, and while we live our prayers and affections shall hold an intercourse of friendship, and represent us often with the idea of each other's countenance. . . .

"Now Thou, the Hope of Israel, and the sure hope of all that come to Thee, knit the hearts of Thy servants to Thyself in faith and purity! Draw us with the sweetness of Thine odours, that we may run after Thee; allure us, and speak kindly to Thy servants, that Thou mayest possess us as Thine own in the kindness of youth and the love of marriage; seal us up by that Holy Spirit of promise, that we may not fear to trust in Thee; carry us into Thy garden, that we may eat and be filled with those pleasures which the world knows not; let us hear that sweet voice of Thine, 'My love, my dove, my undefiled;' spread Thy skirt over us, and cover our deformity; make

us sick with Thy love; let us sleep in Thine arms, and awake in Thy kingdom. The souls of Thy servants, thus united to Thee, make as one in the bonds of brotherly affection; let not distance weaken it, nor time waste it, nor changes dissolve it, nor self-love cast it out."

One more letter of joint farewell the governor and his company wrote "from Yarmouth, aboard the Arbella." It was to "their brethren in and of the Church of England," whom they were leaving in the body for ever, but from whom assuredly they never thought to be severed in the spirit. It is a noble letter, which should be read entire in Mr. Winthrop's pages, for to mutilate it is scarcely justifiable; but its tone may be judged of from the following passages:—

"We desire you would be pleased to take notice of the principles and body of our company, as those who esteem it our honor to call the Church of England, from whence we rise, our dear mother; and cannot part from our native country, where she specially resideth, without much sadness of heart and many tears in our eyes, ever acknowledging that such part and hope as we have obtained in the common salvation we have received in her bosom, and sucked it from her breasts.

"We leave it, therefore, not as loathing that milk wherewith we were nourished there; but, blessing God for the parentage and education, as members of the same body shall always rejoice in her good, and unfeignedly grieve for any sorrow that shall ever betide her; and while we have breath, sincerely desire and endeavour the continuance and abundance of her welfare, with the enlargement of her bounds in the kingdom of Christ Jesus."

The actual writer is unknown; but it seems to bear evident traces of Winthrop's style.

The voyage was not without its discomfords and even dangers. Our biographer has condensed it into a couple of pages — not judiciously, as we think; since there are other portions of these two volumes which might much more reasonably have been curtailed. Hubbard, in his quaint and amusing narrative, gives us far more of its details. The Talbot, in addition to the ordinary sufferings, had the smallpox on board, and lost some of her crew. Owing to the stormy weather, very many of the cattle, of which each ship carried a considerable number, died from bruises and broken limbs; but Hubbard consoles himself with the reflection, that even "if Jacob himself had been there" to look after them, he could not have helped it.\*

\* W. Hubbard's 'Narrative' (Massachus. Hist. Soc. Collections, 2d Ser. vol. v.)

The Arbella was the first ship to make land. On the seventy-second day there came to the worn voyagers "a smell of the shore, like the smell of a garden," and four days afterwards they landed at Salem. Winthrop notes in his journal that the captain and the gentlemen of the company supped ashore, "with a good venison pasty and good beer," while the humbler emigrants wandered along the shore of Cape Anne, and refreshed themselves with "store of fine strawberries." The Talbot soon followed her consort, and in her arrived young Henry Winthrop. The wanderer had found his last resting-place: the very day he set his foot on the new continent, he was drowned in swimming a river. "A sprightly and hopeful young gentleman," Hubbard calls him — there was good in him, perhaps, after all. He was but twenty-two, was just married, and his young widow bore him a daughter at Groton Manor while he was on his voyage out. Eleven ships, the whole of the first detachment, had arrived safe by the end of July; and six more, carrying a new reinforcement, straggled in before the close of that year.

It has been said that the colony had suffered severely the winter before this new immigration. They were, in fact, almost starving when the Arbella arrived. Hardship and trouble were for some time the lot of the new settlers also. Want of proper food and warm shelter — all which their previous habits of life had made necessary to them even more than to their predecessors — began to tell upon them at once. The comparatively cheerful letters which the Governor writes home to Groton Manor give very little idea of the real misery of the new settlement. He was carrying out to the uttermost the motto which he had adopted as the anagram of his name (Iohanes Winthrop) — "I hope 'wins a throne." They had an unhealthy autumn, and the deaths were many. One of the first victims was Lady Arbella Johnson; she died little more than a month after her arrival. Very little has been recorded of her, though evidently there was much to tell; but the brief Puritan chronicles melt into poetry when they speak of her death. "She came" (says Hubbard) "from a paradise of pleasure into a wilderness of want: she had not counted the cost, and it proved too strong a temptation \* for her." More emphatic, though shorter, is Cotton Mather's tribute, "She took New England on her way to heaven." In another month her husband followed her. The colony had almost as

\* i. e. "trial."

great a loss in "good Mr. Higginson," who had cheered and encouraged his people through the miseries of the winter before, and Gager, their "chirurgion." Two hundred in all had died by the end of the year. A great scarcity followed during winter and early spring, and there were no supplies from England. Still Winthrop lost neither heart nor hope, and his letters to his wife (who had got safely through her trouble, and given him another little daughter) are full of cheer for the future. He did not tell her the worst: how they had been forced to live chiefly upon clams and mussels — food abhorrent to an inland Englishman — and nuts and acorns; and how, even in his own household, "the last batch of bread was in the oven," or, in Mather's version of the story, the Governor himself was giving away "the last handful of meal in the barrel to a poor man distressed by the wolf at the door," and a special day had been appointed for public fasting and prayer, when the top-masts of the Lyon, despatched by the provident Governor six months before to Bristol for provisions, were seen in the offing, and a general Thanksgiving-day — the first of those commemorations — was proclaimed by an order in council instead of a fast.

Some of the colonists lost heart, apparently, and went home again. Among them was Sir Richard Saltonstall, with his two daughters and one of his sons. His departure was a great discouragement, but the Governor took it with his usual cheerfulness. He entertained the party at his house the night before, and "gave them three drakes at their setting sail."

But Margaret Winthrop never flinched from her resolution to join her husband. She was to have the escort not only of her eldest son, but of John Wilson, pastor of the new church at Boston, who had returned to England to bring out his wife. Mrs. Wilson, however, would not go. "I marvel" (writes Margaret to her husband) "what mettle she is made of." It was in the dark days of November 1631 when the good ship Lyon came in again as the herald of joy, and, after twenty months' separation, Winthrop and his family were once more reunited. Not without a fresh sorrow; for though the mother bore the passage bravely, the little daughter had died on board a week

\* Most of our readers probably know the distinction between *ducks* and *drakes* — the latter being small pieces of ordnance. But Mr. R. Winthrop informs us that the original transcribers of his ancestor's journal did not, and that in the first edition of Winthrop's 'History of New England,' it stands thus — "The Governour gave them three *ducks* at their setting sail."

after they set sail. The voyagers were received with hearty rejoicings, proof sufficient of the estimation in which the Governor was held. "The captains, with their companies in arms, entertained them with a guard, and divers vollies of shot and three drakes;" and the people brought in, from all the country round, goodwill offerings in the shape of fat venison, kids, geese, ducks (real ducks), and partridges. The day week after, Winthrop notes in his journal —

"We kept a day of thanksgiving at Boston."

Margaret Winthrop was never parted again from her husband, but for a few days, till her death, fifteen years afterwards. Of her life in the New World we know almost nothing; two or three of her letters (she had no need to write many) have been preserved, and breathe still the same loving and hopeful spirit. She died at Boston, after two days' illness, of some kind of epidemic which had all the characteristics of influenza; "a woman of singular virtue, prudence, modesty, and piety, and specially beloved and honoured of all the country." The testimony is her husband's; but no reader of these volumes will think that he said too much.

Let us confess that we turn with no great relish from these domestic pictures, to the religious and political questions which vexed the new settlement. The volumes before us treat of these matters at some length, as was necessary to complete the biography of a man who had so much to do with them; but our readers will excuse us if we touch them very lightly. The narrowness, the exclusiveness, the bitter controversial spirit which cropped out in these New England Puritans (how different from their farewell letter!) are not pleasant things to remember in the case of men whose characters, in many respects, we cannot but admire and honour. The moment they begin to say to us — if not in so many words, yet by implication in their acts and language — "We are not as other men are," our admiration ceases as our sympathies must, and an involuntary antagonism begins to assert itself. It is just so long as they *are* as other men are, or profess to be, in the kindly intercourse of life, its duties, its affections, and its charities, and so long as their religious fervour only throws over these a brighter glow, that we can study their acts and words with interest.

They went from England in search of a religious Utopia — to establish a Christian polity in which all should be of one heart

and of one mind. It would be needless to say, even to those who knew nothing of their subsequent history, that they did not find it. They took pains, we must conclude, to carry with them in their company none but such as they had proved and knew. Yet, while they lay wind-bound at Cowes, during the solemn fast which they held preparatory to their voyage, two of their party broached and drank "a rundlet of strong waters" belonging to the common stock. Hardly had they landed in their new settlement, than Winthrop has occasion to write, "I think here are some persons who never showed so much wickedness in England as they have done here." Some among the company were indeed little better than wolves in sheep's clothing. There was one Sir Stephen Gardiner, a "Knight of the Holy Sepulchre" ("himself a whited sepulchre," as old Hubbard remarks parenthetically), who had joined them under pretext of being tired of the world, and who abused the facilities of a retired locality to lead an immoral life, which was a great scandal to the community. Detected and denounced, he for some time defied the Governor to apprehend him, and was captured at last by the native Indians, after a most gallant defence, worthy of his real or assumed knighthood. He was at once sent back to England as a prisoner in the *Lyon*. The love of money crept in even among those whose religion was of the sternest type, and whose morals were irreproachable. In the very time of scarcity the Deputy-Governor himself, Thomas Dudley, was publicly accused of selling corn to the poorer settlers on usurious terms. "Hard dealing," Winthrop notes with sorrow, was common among them." It is a very sad thing," he writes at a subsequent date, "to see how little of a public spirit appeared in the country, and of self-love too much."

Yet the laws of the new colony were of the sternest Old Testament type: the milder code of the mother country they had repudiated as unfaithful to the divine model. The "Blue Laws of Massachusetts," as they are commonly quoted, were no doubt merely the satirical jest of an enemy. It is not true that it was solemnly enacted that "no woman should kiss her child on Sabbath or fasting-day;" that "no man should run or walk on the Sabbath-day, except reverently to and from meeting;" or that no woman should "make mince-pies." But in the actual code — "The Model of Moses his Judicials" — "drawn up out of the Scriptures by that godly, grave, and judicious divine, Mr John Cotton," the severity of some of the enact-

ments is startling. Not only is death the penalty affixed to witchcraft and heresy ("for a heretic is no less than an idolater"), but the same punishment is awarded to blasphemy, rebellion against parents, and "profaning the Lord's Day in a careless and scornful neglect thereof;" while "rash and profane cursing and swearing" is to be punished with "branding with a hot iron, or boring through the tongue." We may presume that this sanguinary code was modified in practice so far as the lesser offences were concerned; but its merciless carrying out in the cases of heresy and witchcraft is notorious matter of history. No Star Chamber or Court of High Commission ever dealt more largely in persecution than the men whose watchword was religious liberty. One of their ablest writers has defended their conduct in this respect by saying that "liberty of conscience" does not mean "liberty to blaspheme." But he forgets that this argument might have been urged with equal force and with equal sincerity by Pole or Bonner.

The minor legislation as to dress and deportment, however arbitrary, was at least in most instances harmless and well meant. Tobacco, as we have already said, was speedily "set at liberty." Long hair was for some time forbidden to men, on the ground of apostolical censure. But as Governor Hutchinson shrewdly remarks in his 'History of New England,' it was strange that amongst those who looked so literally to the Jewish laws for precedents, the text in Leviticus, "Ye shall not round the corners of your heads," was never brought up on the other side. The "vain custom" of drinking healths was forbidden ("though divers and even godly persons were very loath to part with it"), for sundry grounds assigned; as that it "occasioned much waste of wine and beer," and that "to employ the creature out of its natural use is a way of vanity." The use of veils, as might be supposed from the sex whom the question concerned, was matter of longer and more serious debate. Governor Endicott and others were strong upon the point of the women's wearing them; and the custom was very generally adopted until Mr. Cotton preached a sermon at Boston, in which he pointed out that their use in Scripture was confined to virgins on the one hand, or women like Tamar on the other; and thereby exhorted the married women to leave them off inasmuch as he supposed they neither made pretence to the first character, nor cared to be mistaken for the other.

Whereupon, says Hubbard — who is a very good story-teller for a Puritan, — "they who before thought it shame to be seen in public without a veil, were ashamed ever after to be covered with them."

The most serious controversies, on points of doctrine, which from time to time disturb the community, would be much more wearisome and not more profitable to follow. Of many of them it might be said, as Winthrop himself says of one question of grave dispute between Cotton and Wilson, that, "no man could tell, except some few who knew the bottom of the matter, where any difference was." His wise spirit, even then, loathed these religious enmities. He notes again in his journal — "Every occasion increased the contention, and caused great alienation of minds; and it began to be as common here to distinguish between men by being under a Covenant of Grace or a Covenant of Works, as in other countries between Protestants and Papists."

The election to the office of governor was annual, and for the first four years Winthrop was re-elected without opposition. The honesty and ability of his administration were fully recognized. Yet he had his enemies from the first. Thomas Dudley, the Deputy-Governor, had held an influential position in England as steward to the Earl of Lincoln's estates, was a much older man than Winthrop, and was jealous of his supremacy. There were others to whom his strict and stern rule was disagreeable. Among the scattered settlements along the bay, which were all now to be absorbed under the one central government, was one which bore the name of Mount Wollaston, from one of its earlier settlers. The principal man there, however, was Thomas Morton, a clever and reckless adventurer, who had been an attorney of no very good character. The Puritan ways were not his ways; and in defiance he had renamed the place "Merry Mount," and set up there the abomination of a maypole, which Endicott, the governor of Salem, had to go over with a strong party and cut down. If that had been Morton's chief offense, we at least might have forgiven him; but he had been living a wild and reckless life, and discrediting the general cause of the English settlers, not only by his character, but by incurring the dread and hostility of the Indians, amongst whom he had on one occasion fired "hailshot" without any provocation, out of the merest wantonness. Winthrop was determined to rid the colony of him, as he had of Gardiner. He put him in

irons, and sent him home in the first ship whose captain could be persuaded to take him. Some refused.

"Captain Brock, master of a ship called the Gift, which was to return that month, might have had the honor to carry Morton back to England, but he confessed that he was not gifted that way, nor his ship neither, for such a purpose; as not willing to trouble himself nor his country with such vagabonds, from which they had been happily freed some years before."\*

The captain of the Handmaid was less scrupulous, and in her Morton was sent home, blaspheming and indignant. He appealed in conjunction with Gardiner, to King Charles against "King Winthrop," as he called him, but apparently with little effect. He was obliged to satisfy his revenge with the publication of a scurrilous book, which he entitled 'The New-England Canaan.' Its style, as may be guessed, is that kind of travesty which the adoption by the Puritans of Scriptural idioms makes so easy and so tempting — a fact which is really one of the strongest objections to their practice in this respect.

Another person, though of a very different character, who caused a serious division in the colony on religious grounds, was Roger Williams. He was not one of Winthrop's original band of emigrants, but joined them the following year. And so violent were his prejudices that he refused to enter the congregation at Boston, "because they would not make a public confession of their repentance for having held communion with the churches of England while they lived there." He retired to Salem, where he was chosen minister, and for some time, his learning, his eloquence, and "his lovely carriage," gained him considerable popularity. But his views became at last so utterly fanatical that the authorities could bear no longer with him. He had persuaded Endicott the Governor to cut the cross out of the royal colors, as a rank emblem of idolatry, which nearly caused a popular riot; for loyalty was by no means wanting in the colony, and some of the militia refused to be trained under the mutilated flag. At last he proceeded to the length of declaring all the churches and congregations in New England to be antichristian; upon which he was sentenced to banishment by the General Court of Massachusetts ("that great and honored Idol-general which men had set up," he calls it), and would have been shipped off,

\* Hubbard.

like others, to England, if he could have been caught. But he took refuge among the Indians — or, as he preferred to express it, "was fed by ravens in the wilderness" — and became afterwards the founder of the colony on Rhode Island.

But the greatest disturber of the peace of the new church at Boston, after all, was a woman, a Lincolnshire lady of good family — Mrs. Hutchinson — who claimed special revelations from heaven, and proclaimed, like Williams, that all their teachers were in darkness, and that the existing church was Antichrist. She held meetings of her own sex on Sunday, which thinned the orthodox churches considerably. A synod of elders was held in consequence, at which the two first resolutions passed ran as follows:—

"1. That though women might meet (some few together) to pray and edify one another, yet such a set assembly (as was then in practice at Boston), where sixty or more did meet every week, and one woman (in a prophetic way, by resolving questions of doctrine and expounding Scripture) took upon her the whole exercise, was agreed to be disorderly and without rule.

"2. Though a private member might ask a question publicly, after sermon, for information, yet this ought to be very wisely and sparingly done, and that with leave of the elders: but questions of reference (then in use), whereby the doctrines delivered were reprov'd and the elders reproached, and that with bitterness, etc., was utterly condemned."

Such was the Nemesis of that "Liberty of Prophesying" which these earnest men held to be the first principle of a Christian church, and to maintain which they had become voluntary exiles.

Winthrop lived in the colony nineteen years; his popularity, like that of most popular heroes, had its ebb and flow; he had some enemies, as all men in high station must have; but the honor and respect of his fellow-citizens, of all but the baser sort, never failed him. Twelve times he was elected Governor; and perhaps it was little more than the natural jealousy of seeming to lodge the chief power too exclusively in the hands of one man, that led to the occasional substitution of a rival, such as Dudley or Henry Vane. He died, like his wife, of some kind of epidemic fever. During his last illness "the whole church fasted as well as prayed with him;" and so, adds Cotton Mather, "having, like Judah, first left his counsel and his blessing with his children, gathered by his bedside, and, like David served his generation by the will of



God, he gave up the ghost and fell asleep on March 26th, 1649." He had grown less stern and more tolerant as he grew old. It is recorded that in these last days, Dudley, then Deputy-Governor, came to his sick chamber to obtain his signature to an order for the banishment of some heterodox offender; the dying Governor refused, with the words, "I have done too much of that work already."

Mr Winthrop has quoted largely — not too largely — from the many eulogies which American writers, both contemporary and modern, have passed upon his great ancestor. We most content ourselves with one, brief and emphatic, spoken by Josiah Quincy — "Had Boston, like Rome, a consecrated calendar, there is no name better entitled than that of Winthrop to be registered as its patron saint."

Two Grotons — one in Massachusetts and one in Connecticut — commemorate in New England the name of the old English country seat. Of that, however, we are sorry to learn from this biography, "not one stone is left upon another," though an old mulberry-tree still marks the garden-plot. We feel that we have done Mr. R. Winthrop scant justice in not giving our readers some fuller specimen of his own very pleasant style. Let us make such amends as we still may by quoting the following account of his pilgrimage to the home of his ancestors:—

"The Groton of Suffolk county, in old England, has by no means yet lost its local habitation or its ancient landmarks. I was there on Sunday, and went to the parish church in which the Winthrops worshipped before they went to America. The grand old service of prayer and praise, in which they had united so long within the same sanctuary, had just commenced when I entered; and I could almost imagine, as I joined in the responses, that the venerable walls gave back an echo of welcome as to a not unrecognized voice. Everything concurred in awakening the memory of those who had gone before me, — the pulpit from which they had listened to preachers of their own presentation, the font at which so many of them had been baptised, the chancel around which they had knelt to receive the bread of life. There, on the crowning pane of the altar window, was the same 'Sursum Corda' which must have lifted their hearts in many an hour of trial and trouble. There, in the humble vestry, was the old parish register, the second entry on whose time-stained leaves gave the date of the death of the head of the family, in 1562. There, too, was the tomb in which the father, the grandfather, and possibly the great-grandfather, of the first emigrant to New England had been

successively buried. It still bore the family name and arms; and, by a striking coincidence, it had just been repaired, — almost as if in anticipation of the arrival of one who might be presumed to take a peculiar interest in its condition."

Mr Winthrop seems almost to apologise for the warm interest and honest pride with which, though "six entire generations have intervened," he traces the fortunes of his forefathers. He says:—

"At such a distance of time, and in this republican atmosphere, by no means favorable to the growth of family pride, I trust my sincerity will not be questioned when I say, with another and an older poet,

"Et genus et provas, et quæ non fecimus ipsi,  
Vix ea nostra voco."

It has been said that there is great virtue in a "but." If either the Roman poet or his American admirer could be closely cross-examined, they might perhaps admit there was also great virtue in a "viz." We will not be so uncourteous as to question for a moment the sincerity of Mr. Winthrop's profession of this republican faith; but we gladly accept from him this careful record of his noble ancestor as one more proof how often, in others matters as well as religion, men are better than their creeds.

#### LINES BY A COMPETITION WALLER.

Go, happy ROSE!  
Thank him that's made a Knight of thee  
For feasts and shows,  
The year our Princess crossed the sea,  
So long ago as sixty-three.

By gown and mace,  
'Twas well thou chose the Tory side:  
For had in place  
Those Whigs continued to abide,  
Thou must have unbeknighted died.

Short is the fame  
Of Lord Mayors from the chair retired:  
Bless DERRY's name,  
Who gives thee what thou hast desired,  
By Common Councilmen admired.

Then strive to see  
The right side of the SPEAKER's chair,  
Once more M.P.;  
And nightly prove how wise, though rare,  
It is to Knight an Ex-Lord Mayor.

— Punch.



## PART VIII.

## CHAPTER XXIII. — ALL FOR LOVE.

It was almost dark when Jack reached Swayne's Cottages, and there was no light in Mrs. Preston's window to indicate her presence. The only bit of illumination there was in the dim dewy twilight road, was a gleam from old Betty's perennial fire, which shone out as she opened the door to watch the passage of the dogcart just then returning from Ridley, where it ought to have carried Mr. John to dinner. The dogcart was just returning home, in an innocent, unconscious way; but how much had happened in the interval! the thought made Jack's head whirl a little and made him half-smile; only half-smile — for such a momentous crisis is not amusing. He had not had time to think whether not he was rapturously happy, as a young lover ought to be; on the whole, it was a very serious business. There were a thousand things to think of, such as take the laughter out of a man; yet he did smile as it occurred to him in what an ordinary commonplace sort of way the dogcart and the mare and the groom had been jogging back along the dusty roads, while he had been so weightily engaged; and how all those people had been calmly dining at Ridley — were dining now, no doubt — and mentally criticising the dishes, and making feeble dinner table-talk, while he had been settling his fate; in less time than they could have got half through their dinner — in less time than even the bay mare could devour the way between the two houses! Jack felt slightly giddy as he thought of it, and his face grew serious again under his smile. The cottage door stood innocently open; there was nobody and nothing between him and his business; he had not even to knock, to be opened to by a curious indifferent servant, as would have been the case in another kind of house. The little passage was quite dark, but there was another gleam of firelight from the kitchen, where Mr. Swayne sat patient with his rheumatism, and even Mrs. Preston's door was ajar. Out of the soft darkness without, into the closer darkness within, Jack stepped with a beating heart. This was not the pleasant part of it; this was not like the sudden delight of meeting Pamela — the sudden passion of laying hold on her and claiming her as his own. He stopped in the dark passage, where he had scarcely room to turn, and drew breath a little. He felt within himself that if Mrs. Preston in her black cap and her black gown fell into his arms and saluted him as her son, that he would not be so deeply gratified as perhaps he ought to have been. Pamela was one thing, but her mother was quite another. If mothers, and fathers too for that matter, could but be done away with when their daughters are old enough to marry, what a great deal of trouble it would spare in this world! But that was not to be thought of. He had come to do it, and it had

to be done. While he stood taking breath and collecting himself, Mr. Swayne, feeling that the step which had crossed his threshold was not his wife's step, called out to the intruder, "Who are you?" cried the master of the house; "you wait till my missis comes and finds you there; she don't hold with no tramp; and I see her a-coming round the corner," he continued, in tones in which exultation had triumphed over fright. No tramp could have been more moved by the words than was Jack. He resisted the passing impulse he had to stride into the kitchen and strangle Mr. Swayne in passing; and then, with one knock by way of preface, he went in without further introduction into the parlour where Mrs. Preston was alone.

It was almost quite dark — dark with that bewildering summer darkness which is more confusing than positive night. Something got up hastily from the sofa at the sight of him, and gave a little suppressed shriek of alarm. "Don't be alarmed — it is only I, Mrs. Preston," said Jack. He made a step forward and looked at her, as probably she too was looking at him; but they could not see each other, and it was no comfort to Pamela's mother to be told by Jack Brownlow, that it was only I.

"Has anything happened?" she cried; "what is it? what is it? oh my child! — for God's sake whoever you are, tell me what it is."

"There is nothing the matter with her," said Jack, steadily. "I am John Brownlow, and I have come to speak to you; that is what it is."

"John Brownlow," said Mrs. Preston, in consternation — and then her tone changed. "I am sorry I did not know you," she said; "but if you have any business with me, sir, I can soon get a light."

"Indeed I have the most serious business," said Jack — it was in his mind to say that he would prefer being without a light; but there would have been something too familiar and undignified for the occasion in such a speech as that.

"Wait a moment," and she hastened out, leaving him in the dark parlour by himself. Of course he knew that it was only a pretext — he knew as well as if she had told him that she had gone to establish a watch for Pamela to prevent her from coming in while he was there; and this time he laughed outright. She might have done it an hour ago, fast enough; but now to keep Pamela from him was more than all the fathers and mothers in the world could do. He laughed at the vain precaution. It was not that he had lost all sense of prudence, or that he was not aware how foolish a thing in many respects he was doing; but notwithstanding, he laughed at the idea that anything, stone walls and iron bars, or admonitions, or parental orders, could keep her from him. It might be very idiotic — and no doubt it was; but if anybody dreamt for a moment that he could be made to give her up! or that she could be wrested out of his grasp now that he had possession of her — Any deluded individual who might

entertain such a notion could certainly know nothing of Jack.

Mrs. Preston was absent for some minutes, and before she came back there had been a soft rustle in the passage, a subdued sound of voices, in one of which, rapidly suppressed and put a stop to, Jack could discern Mrs. Swayne's voluble tones. He smiled to himself in the darkness as he stood and waited; he knew what was going on as well as if he had been outside and had seen it all. Pamela was being smuggled into the house, being put somewhere out of his way. Probably her mother was making an attempt to conceal from her even the fact that he was there, and at this purely futile attempt Jack again laughed in his heart; then in his impatience he strode to the window, and looked out at the gates which were indistinctly visible opposite, and the gleam of Betty's fire, which was now apparent only through her window. That was the way it would have been natural for him to go, not this — there lay his home, wealthy, luxurious, pleasant, with freedom in it, and everything that misintended most at once to his comfort and his ambition; and yet it was not there he had gone, but into this shabby little dingy parlour, to put his life and all his pleasure in life, and his prospects, and everything for which he most cared, at the disposal, not of Pamela, but of her mother. He felt that it was hard. As for her, the little darling! to have taken her in his arms and carried her off and built a nest for her would not have been hard — but that it should all rest upon the decision of her mother! Jack felt at the moment that it was a hard thing that there should be mothers standing thus in the young people's way. It might be very unamiable on his part, but that was unquestionably his feeling; and, indeed, for one second, so terrible did the prospect appear to him that, the idea of taking offence and running away did once cross his mind. If they chose to leave him alone like this, waiting, what could they expect? He put his hand upon the handle of the door, and then withdrew it as if it had burnt him. A minute after Mrs. Preston came back. She carried in her hand a candle which threw a bright light upon her worn face, with the black eyes, black hair, black cap, and black dress close round her throat which so much increased the gauntness of her general appearance. This time her eyes, though they were old, were very bright — bright with anxiety and alarm — so bright that for the moment they were like Pamela's. She came in and set down her candle on the table, where it shed a strange little pale inquisitive light, as if, like Jack, it was looking round, half dazzled by the change out of complete darkness, at the unfamiliar place; and then she drew down the blind. When she had done this she came to the table near which Jack was standing. "Mr. Brownlow, you want to speak to me?" she said.

"Yes," said Jack. Though his forefathers had been Brownlows of Masterton for generations, which ought to have given him self-possession if anything could, and though he had

been brought up at a public school, which was still more to the purpose; this simple question took away the power of speech from him as completely as if he had been the merest clown. He had not felt the least difficulty about what he was going to say but all at once to say anything at all seemed impossible.

"Then tell me what it is," said Mrs. Preston, sitting down in the black old-fashioned high backed easy-chair. Her heart was melting to him more and more every moment, the sight of his confusion being sweet to her eyes; but of course he did not know this — neither, it is to be feared, would Jack have very much cared.

"Yes," he said again; the fact was — I — wanted to speak to you — about your daughter. I suppose this sort of thing is always an awkward business. I have seen her with — with my sister, you know — we couldn't help seeing each other; and the fact is, we've — we've grown fond of each other without knowing it: that is about the state of the case."

"Fond of each other?" said Mrs. Preston, faltering. "Mr. Brownlow, I don't think that is how you ought to speak. You mean you have grown fond of Pamela. I am very very sorry; but Heaven forbid that my poor girl!"

"I mean what I say," said Jack, sturdily — "we've grown fond of each other. If you ask her she will tell you the same. We were not thinking of anything of the kind — it came upon us unawares. I tell you the whole truth, that you may not wonder at me coming so unprepared. I don't come to you as a fellow might that had planned it all out and turned it over in his mind, and could tell you how much he had a-year and what he could settle on his wife, and all that. I tell you frankly the truth, Mrs. Preston. We were not thinking of anything of the kind; but now, you see we have both of us found it out."

"I don't understand you," said the astonished mother; "what have you found out?"

"We've found out just what I've been telling you," said Jack — "that we're fond of each other. You may say I should have told you first; but the truth was, I never had the opportunity — not that I would have been sure to have taken advantage of it if I had. We went on without knowing what we were doing, and then it came upon us all at once."

He sat down abruptly as he said this, in an abstracted way; and he sighed. He had found it out, there could be no doubt of that; and he did not hide from himself that this discovery was a very serious one. It filled his mind with a great many thoughts. He was no longer in a position to go on amusing himself without any thought of the future. Jack was but mortal, and it is quite possible he might have done so had it been in his power. But it was not in his power, and his aspect, when he dropped into the chair, and looked into the vacant air before him and sighed, was rather that of a man looking anxiously into the future — a future that was certain — than of a lover waiting for the sentence which (metaphorically) is one of life

or death; and Mrs. Preston, little experienced in such matters, and much agitated by the information so suddenly conveyed to her, did not know what to think. She bent forward and looked at him with an eagerness which he never perceived. She clasped her hands tightly together, and gazed as if she would read his heart; and then what could she say? He was not asking anything from her—he was only intimating to her an unquestionable fact.

"But, Mr. Brownlow," she said at last, tremulously, "I think—I hope you may be mistaken. My Pamela is very young—and so are you—very young for a man. I hope you have made a mistake. At your age it doesn't matter so much."

"Don't it, though?" said Jack, with a flash in his eyes. "I can't say to you that's our business, for I know, of course, that a girl ought to consult her mother. But don't let us discuss that, please. A fact can't be discussed, you know. It's either true or it's false—and we certainly are the only ones who can know."

Then there was another pause, during which Jack strayed off again into calculations about the future—that unforeseen future which had leapt into existence for him only about an hour ago. He had sat down on the other side of the table, and was gazing into the blank hearth as if some enlightenment might have been found there. As for Mrs. Preston, her amazement and agitation were such that it cost her a great effort to compose herself and not to give way.

"Is this all you have to say to me?" she said at last, with trembling lips.

Then Jack roused himself up. Suddenly it occurred to him that the poor woman whom he had been so far from admiring was behaving to him with a generosity and delicacy very different from his conduct to her; and the blood rushed to his face at the thought.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I have already explained to you why it is that I come in such an unprepared way. I met her to-night. Upon my life I did not lay any trap for her. I was awfully cut up about not seeing her; but we met quite by accident. And the fact was, when we met we couldn't help showing that we understood each other. After that it was my first duty," said Jack, with a thrill of conscious grandeur, "to come to you."

"But do you mean to say," said Mrs. Preston wringing her hands, "that my Pamela?—Sir, she is only a child. She could not have understood you. She may like you in a way"

"She likes me as I like her," said Jack stoutly. "It's no use struggling against it. It is no use arguing about it. You may think her a child, but she is not a child; and I can't do without her, Mrs. Preston. I hope you haven't any dislike to me. If you have," said Jack, warming up, "I will do any thing a man can do to please you; but you couldn't have the heart to make her unhappy, and come between her and me."

"I make her unhappy?" said Mrs. Preston,

with a gasp. She who had no hope or desire in the world but Pamela's happiness! "But I don't even see how it came about. I—I don't understand you. I don't even know what you want of me."

"What I want?" said Jack, turning round upon her with wondering eyes—"what could I want but one thing? I want Pamela—that's very clear. Good heavens, you are not going to be ill, are you? Shall I call somebody? I know it's awfully sudden," said the young fellow ruefully. Nobody could be more sensible of that than he was. He got up in his dismay and went to a side-table where there stood a carafe of water, and brought her some. It was the first act of human fellowship, as it were, that had passed between the two, and somehow it brought them together. Mrs. Preston took the water with that strange half-sacramental feeling with which a soul in extremity receives the refreshment which brings it back to life. Was it her friend, her son, or her enemy that thus ministered to her? Oh! if she could only have seen into his heart! She had no interest in the world but Pamela, and now the matter in hand was the decision for good or for evil of Pamela's fate.

"I am better, thank you," she said faintly. "I am not very strong, and it startled me. Sit down, Mr. Brownlow, and let us talk it over. I knew this was what it would have come to if it had gone on; but I have been talking a great deal to my child, and keeping her under my eye"

"Yes," said Jack, with some indignation, "keeping her out of my way. I knew you were doing that."

"It was the only thing I could do," said Mrs. Preston. "I did try to find another means, but it did not succeed. When I asked you what you wanted of me, I was not doubting your honour. But things are not so easy as you young people think. Your father never will consent."

"I don't think things are easy," said Jack. "I see they are as crooked and hard as possible. I don't pretend to think it's all plain sailing. I believe he won't consent. It might have been all very well to consider that three months ago, but you see we never thought of it then. We must just do without his consent now."

"And there is more than that," said Mrs. Preston. "It would not be right for him to consent, nor for me either. If you only found it out so suddenly, how can you be sure of your own mind, Mr. John—and you so young? I don't say any thing of my own child. I don't mean to say in my heart that I think you too grand for her. I know if ever there was a lady born it's—; but that's not the question," she continued, nervously wringing her hands again. "If she was a princess, she's been brought up different from you. I did think once there might have been a way of getting over that; but I know better now; and you're very young; and from what you say," said Pamela's

mother, who, after all, was a woman, a little romantic and very proud, "I don't think you're one that would be content to give up every thing for love."

Jack had been listening calmly enough, not making much in his own mind of her objections; but the last words did strike home. He started, and he felt in his heart a certain puncture, as if the needle in Mrs. Preston's work, which lay on the table, had gone into him. This at least was true. He looked at her with a certain defiance, and yet with respect. "For love — no," said Jack, half fiercely, stirred, like a mere male creature as he was, by the prick of opposition; and then a softening came over his eyes, and a gleam came into them, which, even by the light of the one pale candle, made itself apparent; "but for Pamela — yes. I'll tell you one thing, Mrs. Preston," he added quickly, "I should not call it giving up. I don't mean to give up. As for my father, I don't see what he has to do with it. I can work for my wife as well as any other fellow could. If I were to say it didn't matter, you might mistrust me; but when a man knows it does matter," said Jack, again warming with his subject, "when a man sees it's serious, and not a thing to be done without thinking, you can surely rely upon him more than if he went at it blindly? I think so at least."

So saying, Jack stopped, feeling a little sore and *incompris*. If he had made a fool of himself, no doubt the woman would have believed in him; but because he saw the gravity of what he was about to do, and felt its importance, a kind of doubt was in his hearer's heart. "They not only expect a man to be foolish; but they expect him to forget his own nature," Jack said to himself, which certainly was hard.

"I don't mistrust you," said Mrs. Preston, but her voice faltered, and did not quite carry out her words; "only, you know, Mr. John, you are very young. Pamela is very young, but you are even younger than she is, — I mean, you know, because you are a man; and how can you tell that you know your own mind? It was only to-day that you found it out, and to-morrow you might find something else out" —

Here she stopped half frightened, for Jack had risen up, and was looking at her over the light of the candle, looking pale and somewhat threatening. He was not in a sentimental attitude, neither was there any thing about him that breathed the tender romance for which in her heart Mrs. Preston sighed, and without which it cost her an effort to believe in his sincerity. He was standing with his hands thrust down to the bottom of his pockets, his brows a little knitted, his face pale, his expression worried and impatient. "What is the use of beginning over and over again?" said Jack. "Do you think I could have found out like this a thing that hadn't been in existence for months and months? Why, the first time I saw you in Hobson's cart — the time I carried

her in out of the snow" — When he had got this length, he walked away to the window and stood looking out, though the blind was down, with his back turned upon her — "with her little red cloak, and her pretty hair," said Jack, with a curious sound which would not bear classification. It might have been a laugh, or a sob, or a snort — and it was neither; anyhow, it expressed the emotion within him better than half a hundred fine speeches. "And you don't believe in me after all that!" he said, coming back again and looking at her once more over the light of the candle. Perhaps it was something in Jack's eyes, either light or moisture, it would be difficult to tell which, that overpowered Mrs. Preston, for the poor woman faltered, and began to cry.

"I do believe in you," she said. "I do — and I love you for saying it; but oh, Mr. John, what am I to do? I can't let you ruin yourself with your father. I can't encourage you when I know what it will cost you; and then, my own child" —

"That's it," said Jack, drawing his chair over to her side of the table, with his first attempt at diplomacy — "that's what we've got to think of. It doesn't matter for a fellow like me. If I got disappointed and cut up, I should have to bear it; but as for Pamela, you know — dear little soul! You may think it strange, but," said Jack, with a little affected laugh, full of that supreme vanity and self-satisfaction with which a man recognises: such a fact, "she is fond of me; and if she were disappointed and put out, you know — why, it might make her ill — it might do her no end of harm — it might — Seriously, you know," said Jack, looking in Mrs. Preston's face, and giving another and another hitch to his chair. Though her sense of humour was not lively, she dried her eyes and looked at him with a little bewilderment, wondering was he really in earnest? did he mean it? or what did he mean?

"She is very young," said Mrs. Preston; "no doubt it would do her harm; but I should be there to nurse her — and — and — she is so young."

"It might kill her," said Jack, impressively; "and then whom would you have to blame? Not my father, for he has nothing to do with it; but yourself, Mrs. Preston — that's how it would be. Just look at what a little delicate darling she is — a little bit of a thing that one could carry away in one's arms," he went on, growing more and more animated — "a little face like a flower; and after the bad illness she had. I would not take such a responsibility for any thing in the world," he added, with severe and indignant virtue. As for poor Mrs. Preston, she did not know what to do. She wrung her hands; she looked at him beseechingly, begging him with her eyes to cease. Every feature of the picture came home to her with a much deeper force than it did to her mentor. Jack no more believed in any danger to Pamela than he did in his own ultimate rejection; but the

poor mother beheld her daughter pining, dying, breaking her heart, and trembled to her very soul.

"Oh, Mr. John," she cried, with tears, "don't break my heart! What am I to do? If I must either ruin you with your father" —

"Or kill your child," said Jack, looking at her solemnly till his victim shuddered. "Your child is more to you than my father; besides," said the young man, unbending a little, "it would not ruin me with my father. He might be angry. He might make himself disagreeable; but he's not a muf to bear malice. My father," continued Jack, with emphasis, feeling that he owed his parent some reparation, and doing it magnificently when he was about it "is as true a gentleman as I know. He's not the man to ruin a fellow. You think of Pamela, and never mind me."

But it took a long time and much reiteration to convince Mrs. Preston. "If I could but see Mr. Brownlow I could tell him something that would perhaps soften his heart," she said; but this was far from being a pleasant suggestion to Jack. He put it down summarily, not even asking in his youthful impatience what the something was. He had no desire to know. He did not want his father's heart to be softened. In short, being as yet unaccustomed to the idea, he did not feel any particular delight in the thought of presenting Pamela's mother to the world as belonging to himself. And yet this same talk had made a wonderful difference in his feeling towards Pamela's mother. The thought of the explanation he had to make to her was repugnant to him when he came in. He had all but run away from it when he was left to wait alone. And now, in less than an hour, it seemed so natural to enter into every thing. Even if she had bestowed a maternal embrace upon him, Jack did not feel as if he would have resisted; but she gave him no motherly kiss. She was still half frightened at him, half disposed to believe that to get rid of him would be the best thing; and Jack had no mind to be got rid of. Neither of them could have told very exactly what was the understanding, upon which they parted. There was an understanding that was certain — an arrangement, tacit, inexpressible, which, however, was not hostile. He was not permitted in so many words to come again; but neither was he sent away. When he had the assurance to ask to see Pamela before he left, Mrs. Preston went nervously through the passage before him and opened the door, opening up the house and their discussion as she did so, to the big outside world and wakeful sky, with all its stars, which seemed to stoop and look in. Poor little Pamela was in the room up-stairs, speechless, motionless, holding her breath, fixed as it were to the window, from which she must see him go out, hearing the indistinct hum of voices underneath, and wondering what her mother was saying to him. When the parlour door opened, her heart leaped up in her breast. She could hear his voice, and distinguish, as she thought, every tone of it; but

she could not hear what he said. For an instant it occurred to her too that she might be called down-stairs. But then the next moment the outer door opened, a breath of fresh air stole into the house, and she knew he was dismissed. How had he been dismissed? For the moment? for the night? or for ever? The window was open to which Pamela clung in the darkness, and she could hear his step going out. And as he went he spoke out loud enough to be heard up-stairs, to be heard by anybody on the road, and almost for that matter to be heard at Betty's cottage. "If I must not see her," he said, "give her my dear love." What did it mean. Was his dear love his last message of farewell? or was it only the first public indication that she belonged to him? Pamela sank down on her knees by the window, noiseless, with her heart beating so in her ears that she felt as if he must hear it outside. The whole room, the whole house, the whole air, seemed to her full of that throbbing. His dear love! It seemed to come in to her with the fresh air — to drop down upon her from the big stars as they leant out of heaven and looked down; and yet she could not tell if it meant death or life. And Mrs. Preston was not young, and could not fly, but came so slowly, so slowly up the creaking wooden stairs.

Poor Mrs. Preston went slowly, not only because of her age, but because of her burden of thoughts. She could not have told any one whether she was very happy or deadly sad. Her heart was not fluttering in her ears like Pamela, but beating out hard throbs of excitement. He was good, he was true; her heart accepted him. Perhaps he was the friend she had so much longed for, who would guard Pamela when she was gone. At present, however, she was not gone; and yet her sceptre was passing away out of her hands, and her crown from her head. Anyhow, for good or for evil, this meant change; the sweet sceptre of love, the crown of natural authority and duty, such as are the glory of a woman who is a mother, were passing away from her. She did not grudge it. She would not have grudged life, nor any thing dearer than life, for Pamela; but she felt that there was change coming; and it made her sick — sick and cold and shivering, as if she was going to have a fever. She would have been glad to have had wings and flown to carry joy to her child; but she could not go fast for the burden and heaviness of her thoughts.

Meanwhile Jack crossed the road briskly, and went up the avenue under the big soft lambent stars. If it was at him in his character of lover that they were looking, they might have saved themselves the trouble, for he took no notice whatever of these sentimental spectators. He went home, not in a lingering meditative way, but like a man who has made up his mind. He had no sort of doubt or disquietude for his part about the acceptance of his love. He knew that Pamela was his, though her mother would not let him see her. He knew he should



see her, and that she belonged to him, and nobody on earth could come between them. He had known all this from the first moment when the simple little girl had told him that life was hard; and as for her mother or his father, Jack did not in his mind make much account of the opposition of these venerable personages — such being his nature. What remained now was to clear a way into the future, to dig out a passage, and make it as smooth as possible for these tremulous little feet. Such were the thoughts he was busy with as he went home — not even musing about his little love. He had mused about her often enough before. Now his practical nature resumed the sway. How a household could be kept up, when it should be established, by what means it was to be provided, was the subject of Jack's thoughts. He went straight to the point without any circumlocution. As it was to be done, it would be best to be done quickly. And he did not disguise from himself the change it would make. He knew well enough that he could not live as he had lived in his father's house. He would have to go into lodgings, or to a little house; have one or two indifferent servants — perhaps a "child-wife" — perhaps a resident mother-in-law. All this Jack calmly faced and foresaw. It could not come on him unawares, for he considered the chances, and saw that all these things were possible. There are people who will think the worse of him for this; but it was not Jack's fault — it was his constitution. He might be foolish like his neighbours on one point, but on all other points he was sane. He did not expect that Pamela, if he translated her at once into a house of her own, should be able to govern him and it on the spot by natural intuition. He knew there would be, as he himself expressed it, many "hitches" in the establishment, and he knew that he would have to give up a great many indulgences. This was why he took no notice of the stars, and even knifed his brows as he walked on. The romantic part of the matter was over. It was now pure reality, and that of the most serious kind, that he had in hand.

#### CHAPTER XXIV. — A NEW CONSPIRATOR.

"I don't say as you're to take my advice," said Mrs. Swayne. "I'm not one as puts myself forward to give advice where it ain't wanted. Ask any one as knows. You as is Church-folks, if I was you, I'd send for the Rector; or speak to your friends. There ain't one living creature with a morsel of sense as won't say to you just what I'm saying now."

"Oh please go away — please go away," said Pamela, who was standing with crimson cheeks between Mrs. Preston and her would-be counsellor; "don't you see mamma is ill?"

"She'll be a deal worse afore all's done, if she don't listen in time; and you too, Miss Pamela, for all so angry as you are," said Mrs. Swayne. "It ain't nothing to me. If you

like it, it don't do me no harm; contrairways, it's my interest to keep you quiet here, for you're good lodgers — I don't deny it — and ain't folks as give trouble. But I was once a pretty lass myself," she added with a sigh; "and I knows what it is."

Pamela turned with unfeigned amazement and gazed upon the big figure that stood in the doorway. Once a pretty lass herself! Was this what pretty lasses came to? Mrs. Swayne, however, did not pause to inquire what were the thoughts that were passing through the girl's mind; she took a step or two farther into the room, nearer the sofa on which Mrs. Preston lay. She was possessed with that missionary zeal for other people's service, that determination to do as much as lay in her power to keep her neighbours from having their own way, or to make them very uncomfortable in the enjoyment of the luxury, which is so common a development of virtue. Her conscience was weighted with her responsibility; when she had warned them what they were coming to, then at least she would have delivered her own soul.

"I don't want to make myself disagreeable," said Mrs. Swayne; "it ain't my way; but, Mrs. Preston, if you go on having folks about, it's right you should hear what them as knows thinks of it. I ain't a-blaming you. You've lived in foreign parts, and you're that silly about your child that you can't a-bear to cross her. I'm one as can make allowance for that. But I just ask you what can the likes of that young fellow want here? He don't come for no good. Poor folks has a deal of things to put up with in this world, and women-folks most of all. I don't make no doubt Miss Pamela is pleased to have a gentleman a-dancing after her. I don't know one on us as wouldn't be pleased; but them as has respect for their character and for their peace o' mind" —

"Mrs. Swayne, you must not speak like this to me," said Mrs. Preston feebly, from the sofa. "I have a bad headache, and I can't argue with you; but you may be sure, though I don't say much, that I know how to take care of my own child. No, Pamela dear, don't cry; and you'll please not to say another word to me on this subject — not another word, or I shall have to go away."

"To go away!" said Mrs. Swayne, crimson with indignation. But this sudden impulse of self-defence in so mild a creature struck her dumb. "Go away! — and welcome to!" she added; but her consternation was such that she could say no more. She stood in the middle of the little dark parlour, in a partial trance of astonishment. Public opinion itself had been defied in her person. "When it comes to what it's sure to come to, then you'll remember as I warned you," she said, and rushed forth from the room, closing the door with a clang which made poor Mrs. Preston jump on her sofa. Her visit left a sense of trouble and dismay on both their minds, for they were not superior women, nor sufficiently strong-minded



to laugh at such a monitor. Pamela threw herself down on her knees by her mother's side and cried—not because of Mrs. Swayne, but because the fright and the novelty overwhelmed her, not to speak of the lively anger and disgust and impatience of her youth.

"Oh mamma, if we had only some friends!" said Pamela; "everybody except us seems to have friends. Had I never any uncles nor any thing? It is hard to be left just you and me in the world."

"You had brothers once," said Mrs. Preston, with a sigh. Then there was a pause, for poor Pamela knew and could not help knowing that her brothers, had they been living, would not have improved her position now. She kept kneeling by her mother's side, but though there was no change in her position, her heart went away from her involuntarily—went away to think that the time perhaps had come when she would never more want a friend,—when somebody would always be at hand to advise her what to do, and when no such complications could arise. She kept the gravity, even sadness of her aspect, with the innocent hypocrisy which is possible at her age; but her little heart went out like a bird into the sunny world outside. A passing tremor might cross her, ghosts might glide for a moment across the way; but it was only for a moment, and she knew they were only ghosts. Her mother was in a very different case. Mrs. Preston had a headache, partly because of the shock of last night, partly because a headache was to her, as to so many women, a kind of little feminine chapel, into which she could retire to gain time when she had any thing on her mind. The course of individual history stops when those headaches come on, and the subject of them has a blessed moment to think. Nothing could be done, nothing could be said, till Mrs. Preston's head was better. It was but a small matter had it been searched to its depths; but it was enough to arrest the wheels of fate.

"Pamela," she said, after a while, "we must be doubly wise because we have no friends. I can't ask anybody's advice, as Mrs. Swayne told me to do. I am not going to open up our private affairs to strangers; but we must be wise. I think we must go away."

"Go away!" said Pamela, looking up with a face of despair—"away! Mamma, you don't think of—of—him as she does? You know what he is. Go away! and perhaps never, never see him again. Oh mamma!"

"I did not mean that," said Mrs. Preston; "but we can't stop here, and live at his father's very door, and have him coming under their eyes to vex them. No, my darling; that would be cruel, and it would not be wise."

"Do you think they will mind so very much?" said Pamela, looking wistfully in her mother's face. "What should I do if they hated me? Miss Brownlow, you know—Sara—she always wanted me to call her Sara—she would never turn against me. I know her too well for that."

"She has not been here for a long time," said Mrs. Preston; "you have not noticed it, but I have, Pamela. She has never come since that day her father spoke to you. There is a great difference, my darling, between the sister's little friend and the brother's betrothed."

"Mamma, you seem to know all about those wretched things," cried Pamela, impulsively. "Why did you never tell me before? I never, never would have spoken to him—if I had known."

"How was I to know, Pamela?" said Mrs. Preston. "It appears you did not know yourselves. And then, when you told me what Mr. Brownlow said, I thought I might find you a friend. I think yet, if I could but see him; but when I spoke last night of seeing Mr. Brownlow, he would not hear of it. It is very hard to know what to do."

Then there ensued another pause—a long pause, during which the mother, engaged with many thoughts, did not look at her child. Pamela, too, was thinking; she had taken her mother's long thin hand into her own, and was smoothing it softly with her soft fingers; her head was bent over it, her eyes cast down; now and then a sudden heaving, as of a sob about to come, moved her pretty shoulders. And her voice was very tuneless and rigid when she spoke. "Mamma," she said, "speak to me honestly, once for all. Ought I to give it all up? I don't mean to say it would be easy. I never knew a—any one before—never anybody was like *that* to me. You don't know—oh, you don't know how he can talk, mamma. And then it was not like any thing new—it felt natural, as if we had always belonged to each other. I know it's no use talking. Tell me, mamma, once for all, would it really be better for him and—everybody, if I were to give him quite up?"

Pamela held herself upright and rigid as she asked the question. She held her mother's hand fast, and kept stroking it in an intermittent way. When she had finished she gave her an appealing look—a look which did not ask advice. It was not advice she wanted, poor child: she wanted to be told to do what she longed to do—to be assured that that was the best; therefore she looked not like a creature wavering between two opinions, but like a culprit at the bar, awaiting her sentence. As for Mrs. Preston, she only shook her head.

"It would not do any good," she said. "You might give him up over and over, but you would never get him to give you up, Pamela. He is that sort of a young man; he would not have taken a refusal from me. It would be of no use, my dear."

"Are you sure?—are you quite sure?" cried Pamela, throwing her arms round her mother's neck, and giving her a shower of kisses. "Oh you dear, dear mamma. Are you sure you are quite sure?"

"You are kissing me for his sake," said Mrs. Preston, with a little pang; and then she smiled at herself. "I never was jealous be-

fore," she said. "I don't mean to be jealous. No, he will never give in, Pamela; we shall have to make the best of it; and perhaps," she continued, after a pause, "perhaps this was the friend I was always praying for to take care of my child before I die."

"Oh, mamma," said Pamela, "how can you talk of dying at such a time as this? when, perhaps, we're going to have — every thing we want in the world; when, perhaps, we are going to be — as happy as the day is long!" she said, once more kissing the worn old face which lay turned towards her, in a kind of sweet enthusiasm. The one looked so young, and the other so old; the one so sure of life and happiness, the other so nearly done with both. Mrs. Preston took the kiss and the clasp, and smiled at her radiant child; and then she closed her eyes, and retreated into her headache. She was not going to have every thing she wanted in the world, or to be as happy as the day was long; so she retreated and took to her handy domestic little malady. The child could not conceive that there were still a thousand things to be thought over, and difficulties without number to be overcome.

As for Pamela, she sprang to her feet lightly, and went off to make the precious cup of tea which is good for every feminine trouble. As she went she fell into song, not knowing it. She was as near dancing as decorum would permit. She went into the kitchen where Mr. Swayne was, and cheered him up more effectually than if he had been well for a week. She made him laugh, though he was in low spirits. She promised him that he should be quite well in three months. "Ready to dance if there was any thing to dance at," was what Pamela said.

"At your wedding, Miss Pamela," said poor Swayne, with his shrill little chuckle. And Pamela too laughed with a laugh that was like a song. She stood by the fire while the kettle boiled, with the firelight glimmering in her pretty eyes, and reddening her white forehead under the rings of her hair. Should she have to boil the kettle, to spread the homely table for him? or would he take her to Brownlows, or some other such house, and make her a great little lady like Sara? On the whole Pamela thought she would like the first best. She made the tea before the bright fire in such perfection as it never was made at Brownlows, and poured it out hot and fragrant, like one who knew what she was about. But the tea was not so great a cordial as the sight of her own face. She had come clear out of all her perplexities. There was no longer even a call upon that anxious faculty for self-sacrifice which belongs to youth. In short, self-sacrifice would do no good — the idol would simply decline to receive the costly offering. It was in his hands, and nothing that she could do would make any difference. Perhaps, if Pamela had been a self-asserting young woman, her pride would have suffered from this thought; but she was

only a little girl of seventeen, and it made her as light as a bird. No dreadful responsibility rested on her soft shoulders — no awful question of what was best remained for her to consider. What use could there be in giving up when he would not be given up? What end would it serve to refuse a man who would not take a refusal? She had made her tragic little effort in all sincerity, and it had come to the sweetest and most complete failure. And now her part had been done, and no further perplexity could overwhelm her. So she thought, flitting out and in upon a hundred errands, and thinking tenderly in her heart that her mother's headache and serious looks and grave way of looking at every thing was not so much because there was any thing serious in the emergency, as because the dear mother was old — a fault of nature, not of circumstances, to be mended by love and smiles, and all manner of tender services on the part of the happy creature who was young.

When Mrs. Swayne left the parlour in the manner which we have already related, she rushed out, partly to be relieved of her wrath, partly to pour her prophecies of evil into the ears of the other Cassandra on the other side of the road, old Betty of the Gates. The old woman was sitting before her fire when her neighbour went in upon her. To be sure it was summer, but Betty's fire was eternal, and burned without intermission on the sacred hearth. She was mending one of her gowns, and had a whole bundle of bits of coloured print — "patches," for which some of the little girls in Miss Brownlow's school would have given their ears — spread out upon the table before her. Bits of all Betty's old gowns were there. It was a parti-coloured historical record of her life, from the gay calicoes of her youth down to the sober browns and olives of declining years. With such a gay centre the little room looked very bright. There was a geranium in the window, ruby and emerald. There were all manner of pretty confused cross-lights from the open door and the latticed window in the other corner and the bright fire; and the little old face in its white cap was as brown and as red as a winter apple. Mrs. Swayne was a different sort of person. She came in, filling the room with shadows, and put herself away in a big elbow-chair, with blue-and-white cushions, which was Betty's wicker throne, but now stood pushed into a corner out of reach of the fire. She uttered a sigh which blew away some of the patches on the table, and swayed the ruby blossoms of the big geranium. "Well," she said, "I've done my best — I can say I've done my best. If the worst comes to the worst, there's none as can blame me."

"What is it? — what is it, Mrs. Swayne?" said Betty eagerly, dropping her work, "though I've something as tells me it's about that poor child and our Mr. John."

"I wash my hands of them," said the visitor, doing so in a moist and demonstrative way. "I've done all as an honest woman can do."

Speak o' mothers! — mothers is a pack o' fools. I'd think o' that child's interest if it was me. I'd think what was best for her character, and for keeping her out o' mischief. As for cryin', and that sort, they all cry — it don't do them no harm. If you or me had set our hearts on marryin' the first gentleman as ever was civil, what would ha' become of us? Oh the fools as some folks is! It's enough to send a woman with a bit of sense out o' her mind."

"Marryin'?" said Betty, with a little shriek; "you don't mean to say as they've gone as far as that."

"If they don't go further afore all's done, it'll be a wonder to me," said Mrs. Swayne; "things is always like that. I don't mean to take no particular credit to myself; but if she had been mine, I'd have done my best for her — that's one thing as I can say. She'd not have got into no trouble if she had been mine. I'd have watched her night and day. I know what the gentlemen is. But that's allays the way with Providence. A woman like me as has a bit of experience has none to be the better of it; and the likes of an old stupid as don't know her right hand from her left, it's her as has the children. I'd have settled all that different if it had been me. Last night as ever was, I found the two in the open road — in the road, I give you my word. It's over all the parish by this, as sure as sure; and after that what does my gentleman do but come to the house as bold as brass. It turns a body sick — that's what it does; but you might as well preach to a stone wall as make 'em hear reason; and that's what you call a mother! much a poor girl's the better of a mother like that."

"All mothers is not the same," said Betty, who held that rank herself. "For one as don't know her duty, there's dozens and dozens" —

"Don't speak to me," said Mrs. Swayne, "I know 'em — as stuck up as if it was any virtue in them, and a shuttin' their ears to every one as gives them good advice. Oh, if that girl was but mine! I'd keep her as snug as if she was in a box, I would. Ne'er a gentleman should get a chance of so much as a look at her. It's ten times worse when a girl is pretty; but, thank heaven, I know what the gentlemen is."

"But if he come to the house, he must have made some excuse," said Betty. "I see him. He come by himself, as if it was to see your good gentleman, Mrs. Swayne. Knowing as Miss Pamela was out, I don't deny as that was my thought. And he must have made some excuse."

"Oh, they find excuses ready enough — don't you be afeared," said Mrs. Swayne; "they're plenty ready with their tongues, and don't stick at what they promise neither. It's all as innocent as innocent if you was to believe them; and them as believes comes to their ruin. I tell you it's their ruin — that and no less; but I may speak till I'm hoarse," said

Cassandra, with melancholy emphasis — nobody pays no attention to me."

"You must have knowed a deal of them to be so earnest," said old Betty, with the deepest interest in her eyes.

"I was a pretty lass myself," said Mrs. Swayne; and then she paused; "but you're not to think as I ever give in to them. I wasn't that sort; and I had folks as looked after me. I don't say as Swayne is much to look at, after all as was in my power; but if Miss Pamela don't mind, she'll be real thankful afore she's half my age to take up with a deal worse than Swayne; and that's my last word, if I was never to draw a breath more."

"Husht!" said Betty. "Don't take on like that. There's somebody a-coming. Husht! It's just like as if it was a child of your own."

"And so I feel," said Mrs. Swayne; "worse luck for her, poor lass. If she was mine" —

"Husht!" said Betty again; and then the approaching steps which they had heard for the last minute reached the threshold, and a woman presented herself at the door. She was not a woman that either of them knew. She was old, very tall, very thin, and very dusty with walking. "I'm most dead with tiredness. May I come in and rest a bit?" she said. She had a pair of keen black eyes, which gleamed out below her poke bonnet, and took in every thing, and did not look excessively tired; but her scanty black gown was white with dust. Old Betty, for her own part, did not admire the stranger's looks; but she consented to let her come in, "manners" forbidding any inhospitality, and placed her a chair as near as possible to the door.

"I come like a stranger," said the woman, "but I'm not to call a stranger neither. I'm Nancy as lives with old Mrs. Fennell, them young folks' grandmammas. I had summat to do nigh here, and I thought as I'd like to see the place. It's a fine place for one as was nothing but an attorney once. I allays wonder if they're good folks to live under, such folks as these."

"So you're Nancy!" said the old woman of the lodge. "I've heard tell of you. I heard of you along of Stevens as you recommended here. I haven't got nothing to say against the masters; they're well and well enough; Miss Sarn, she's hasty, but she's a good heart."

"She don't show it to her own flesh and blood," said Nancy significantly. "Is this lady one as lives about here?"

Then it was explained to the stranger who Mrs. Swayne was. "Mr. Swayne built them cottages," said Betty; "they're his own, and as nice a well-furnished house and as comfortable; and his good lady ain't one of them that wastes or wants. She has a lodger in the front parlor, and keeps 'em as nice as it's a picture to see, and as respected in the whole parish" —

"Don't you go on a-praising me before my face," said Mrs. Swayne, modestly; "we're

folks as are neither rich nor poor, and can give our neighbours a hand by times and times. You're a stranger as is well seen, or you wouldn't be curious about Swayne and me."

"I'm a stranger sure enough," said Nancy. "We're poor relations, that's what we are; and the likes of us is not wanted here. If I was then I'd take more notice o' my own flesh and blood, and one as can serve them yet, like *she* can. It ain't what you call a desirable place," said Nancy; "she's awful aggravating sometimes, like the most of old women; but all the same they're her children's children, and I allays let that count if it was me."

"That's old Mrs. Fennell?" said Betty; "she never was here as I can think on but once. Miss Sara isn't one that can stand being interfered with; but they sends her an immensity of game, and vegetables, and flowers, and such things, and I've always heard as the master gives her an allowance. I don't see as she's any reason to complain."

"A woman as knows as much as she does," said Nancy, solemnly, "she ought to be better looked to;" and then she changed her tone. "I've walked all this long way, and I have got to get back again, and she'll beas cross as cross if I'm long. And I don't suppose there's no omnibus or nothing going my way. If it was but a cart" —

"There's a carrier's cart," said Betty; "but Mrs. Swayne could tell you most about that. Her two lodgers come in it, and Mrs. Preston, that time she had something to do in Master-ton" —

"Who is Mrs. Preston?" said Nancy quickly. "I've heard o' that name. And I've heard in Masterton of some one as came in a carrier's cart. If I might make so bold, who is she? Is she your lodger? I once knew some folks of that name in my young days, and I'd like to hear."

"Oh yes, she's my lodger," said Mrs. Swayne, "and a terrible trouble to me. I'd just been aggrumbling to Betty when you came in. She and that poor thing Pamela, they lay on my mind so heavy, I don't know what to do. You might give old Mrs. Fennell a hint to speak to Mr. John. He's a-running after that girl, he is, till it turns one sick; and a poor silly woman of a mother as won't see no harm in it. If the old lady was to hear in a sort of a side way like, she might give Mr. John a talking to. Not as I have much confidence in his mending. Gentlemen never does."

"Oh," said Nancy, with a strange gleam of her dark eyes, "so she's got a daughter! and it was her as came into Masterton in the carrier's cart? I just wanted to know. Maybe you could tell me what kind of a looking woman she was. There was one as I knew once in my young days" —

"She ain't unlike yourself," said Mrs. Swayne, with greater brevity than usual; and she turned and began to investigate Nancy with a closeness for which she was not prepared. Another gleam shot from the stranger's black

eyes as she listened. It even brought a tinge of colour to her grey cheek, and though she restrained herself with the utmost care, there was unquestionably a certain excitement in her. Mrs. Swayne's eyes were keen, but they were not used to read mysteries. A certain sense of something to find out oppressed her senses; but, notwithstanding her curiosity, she had not an idea what secret there could be.

"If it's the same person, it's years and years since I saw her last," said Nancy; "and so she's got a daughter! I shouldn't think it could be a very young daughter if it's hers; she should be as old as me. And it was her as came into Masterton in the carrier's cart! Well, well! what droll things does happen to be sure."

"I don't know what's droll about that," said Mrs. Swayne; "but I don't know nought about her. She's always been quiet and genteel as a lodger — always till this business came on about Mr. John. But I'd be glad to know where her friends was, if she's got any friends. She's as old as you, or older, and, not to say any thing as is unpleasant — it's an awful thing to think of — what if folks should go and die in your house, and you not know their friends?"

"If it's that you're thinking of, she's got no friends," said Nancy, with a vehemence that seemed unnatural and uncalled-for to her companions — "none as I know of nowheres — but maybe me. And it isn't much as I could do. She's a woman as has been awful plundered and wronged in her time. Mr. John! oh, I'd just like to hear what it is about Mr. John. If that was to come after all, I tell you it would call down fire from heaven."

"Goodness gracious me!" said Mrs. Swayne, "what does the woman mean?" And Betty too uttered a quavering exclamation, and they both drew their chairs closer to the separated seat, quite apart from the dais of intimacy and friendship, upon which the dusty stranger had been permitted to rest.

Nancy, however, had recollected herself. "Mean?" she said with a look of innocence; "oh, I didn't mean nothing; but that I've a kind of spite — I don't deny it — at them grand Brownlows, that don't take no notice to speak of of their own flesh and blood. That's all as I mean. I ain't got no time to-day, but if you'll say as Nancy Christian sends her compliments and wants badly to see Mrs. Preston, and is coming soon again, I'll be as obliged as ever I can be. If it's her, she'll think on who Nancy Christian was; and if it ain't her, it don't make much matter," she continued, with a sigh. She said these last words very slowly, looking at neither of her companions, fixing her eyes upon the door of Swayne's cottage, at which Pamela had appeared. The sun came in at Betty's door and dazzled the stranger's eyes, and it was not easy for her at first to see Pamela, who stood in the shade. The girl had looked out for no particular reason, only because she was passing that way; and as she stood giving a glance up and a glance down the

road—a glance which was not wistful, but full of a sweet confidence—Nancy kept staring at her, blinking her eyes to escape the sunshine. "Is that the girl?" she said, a little hoarsely. And then all the three looked out and gazed at Pamela in her tender beauty. Pamela saw them also. It did not occur to her whose the third head might be, nor did she care very much. She felt sure they were discussing her, shaking their heads over her imprudence; but Pamela at the moment was too happy to be angry. She said, "Poor old things," to herself. They were poor old things; they had not the blood dancing in their veins as she had; they had not light little feet that flew over the paths, nor light hearts that leaped in their breasts, poor old souls. She waved her hand to them half kindly, half saucily, and disappeared again like a living bit of sunshine into the house which lay so obstinately in the shade. As for Nancy, she was moved in some wonderful way by this sight. She trembled when the girl made that half-mocking, half-sweet salutation; the tears came to her eyes. "She could never have a child so young," she muttered half to herself, and then gazed and gazed as if she had seen a ghost. When Pamela disappeared she rose up and shook the dust, not from her feet, but from her skirts, outside old Betty's door. "I've only a minute," said Nancy, "but if I could but set eyes on the mother I could tell if it was her I used to know."

"I left her lyin' down wi' a bad headache," said Mrs. Swayne. "If you like you can go and take a look through the parlour window; or I'll ask if she's better. Them sort of folks that have little to do gets headaches terrible easy. Of an afternoon when their dinner's over, what has the likes of them to take up their time? They takes a sleep on my sofa, or they takes a walk, and a headache comes natural-like when folks has all that time on their hands. Come across and look in at the window. It's low, and if your eyes are good you can just see her where she lays."

Nancy followed her new companion across the road. As she went out of the gates she gave a glance up through the avenue, and made as though she would have shaken her fist at the great house. "If you but knew!" Nancy said to herself. But they did not know, and the sunshine lay as peacefully across the pretty stretch of road as if there had been no dangers there. The old woman crossed over to Mrs. Swayne's cottage, and went into the little square of garden where Pamela sometimes watered the flowers. Nancy stooped over the one monthly rose and plucked a bit of the homely lads'-love in the corner which flourished best of all, and then she drew very close to the window and looked in. It was an alarming sight to the people within. Mrs. Preston had got a second cup of tea, and raised herself up on her pillow to swallow it, when all at once this grey visage, not unlike her own, surrounded with black much like her own dress, looked in upon her, a stranger, and yet somehow wear-

ing a half-familiar aspect. As for Pamela, there was something awful to her in the vision. She turned round to her mother in a fright to compare the two faces. She was not consciously superstitious, but yet dim thoughts of a wraith, a double, a solemn messenger of doom, were in her mind. She had heard of such things. "Go and see who it is," said Mrs. Preston; and Pamela rushed out, not feeling sure that the strange apparition might not have vanished. But it had not vanished. Nancy stood at the door, and when she was looked into in the open daylight she was not so dreadfully like Mrs. Preston's wraith.

"Good day, Miss," said Nancy; "I thought as maybe I might have had a few words with your mother. If she's the person I take her for, I used to know her long long ago; and I've a deal that's very serious to say."

"You frightened us dreadfully looking in at the window," said Pamela. "And mamma has such a bad headache; she has been a good deal—worried. Would you mind coming back another time?—or is it any thing I can say?"

"There's something coming down the road," said Nancy; "and I am tired and can't walk back. If it's the carrier I'll have to go, Miss. And I can't say the half nor the quarter to you. Is it the carrier? Then I'll have to go. Tell her it was one as knew her when we was both young—knew her right well, and all her ways—knew her mother. And I've a deal to say; and my name's Nancy Christian, if she should ask. If she's the woman I take her for, she'll know my name."

"And you'll come back?—will you be sure to come back?" asked Pamela, carelessly, yet with a girl's eagerness for every thing like change and news. The cart had stopped by this time, and Mrs. Swayne had brought forth a chair to aid the stranger in her ascent. The place was roused by the event. Old Betty stood at her cottage, and Swayne had hobbled out from the kitchen, and even Mrs. Preston, forgetting the headache, had stolen to the window, and peeped out through the small venetian blind which covered the lower part of it to look at and wonder who the figure belonged to which had so strange a likeness to herself. Amid all these spectators Nancy mounted, slowly shaking out once more the dust from her skirts.

"I'll be late, and she'll give me an awful talking to," she said. "No; I can't stop to-day. But I'll come again—oh yes, I'll come again." She kept looking back as long as she was in sight, peeping round the hood of the wagon, searching them through and through with her anxious gaze; whilst all the bystanders looked on surprised. What had she to do with them? And then her looks, and her dress, and her black eager eyes, were so like Mrs. Preston's. Her face bore a very doubtful, uncertain look as she was thus borne solemnly away. "I couldn't know her after such a long time; and I don't see as she could have had a child so young," was what Nancy was saying



to herself, shaking her head and then re-assuring herself. This visit made a sensation which most diverted public attention from Mr. John; and when Nancy's message was repeated to Mrs. Preston, it was received with an immediate recognition which increased the excitement. "Nancy Christian!" Mrs. Preston repeated all the evening long. She could think of nothing else. It made her head so much worse that she had to go to bed, where Pamela watched her to the exclusion of every other interest. This was Nancy's first visit. She did not mean, even had she had time, to proceed to anything more important that day.

#### CHAPTER XXV.

##### HOW SARA REGARDED THE NOTE IN HER BROTHER'S EYE.

A FEW days after these events, caprice or curiosity led Sara to Swayne's cottage. She had very much given up going there — why, she could scarcely have explained. In reality she knew nothing about the relationship between her brother and her friend; but either that, unknown to herself, had exercised some kind of magnetic repulsion upon her, or her own pre-occupation had withdrawn Sara from any special approach to her little favourite. She would have said she was as fond of her as ever; but in fact she did not want Pamela as she had wanted her. And the consequence was that they had been much longer apart than either of them, occupied with their own concerns, had been aware. The motive which drew Sara thither after so long an interval was about as mysterious as that which kept her away. She went, but did not know why; perhaps from some impulse of those secret threads of fate which are ever being drawn unconsciously to us into another and another combination; perhaps simply from a girlish yearning towards the pleasant companion of whom for a time she had made so much. Mrs. Preston had not recovered when Sara went to see her daughter — she was still lying on the sofa with one of her nervous attacks, Pamela said — though the fact was that neither mother nor daughter understood what kind of attack it was. Anxiety and excitement and uncertainty had worn poor Mrs. Preston out; and then her headache was so handy — it saved her from making any decision — it excused her to herself for not settling immediately what she ought to do. She was not able to move, and she was thankful for it. She could not undergo the fatigue of finding some other place to live in, of giving Mr. John his final answer. To be sure he knew and she knew that his final answer had been given — that there could be no doubt about it; but still every practical conclusion was postponed by the attack, and in this point of view it was the most fortunate thing which could have occurred.

Things were thus with them when Sara, af-

ter a long absence, one day suddenly lighted down upon the shady house in the glory of her summer attire, like a white dove lying into the bosom of the clouds. Perhaps it would be wrong to say that Pamela in her black flock stood no chance in the presence of her visitor; but it is certain that when Miss Brownlow came floating in with her light dress, and her bright ribbons and her shining hair, every thing about her gleaming with a certain reflection from the sunshine, Pamela and her mother could neither of them look at anything else. She dazzled them, and yet drew their eyes to her, as light itself draws everybody's eyes. Pamela shrank a little from her friend's side with a painful humility, asking herself whether it was possible that this bright creature should ever be her sister; while even Mrs. Preston, though she had all a mother's admiration for her own child, could not but feel her heart sink as she thought how this splendid princess would ever tolerate so inferior an alliance. This consciousness in their minds made an immediate estrangement between them. Sara was condescending, and she felt she was condescending, and hated herself; and as for the mother and daughter, they were constrained and stricken dumb by the secret in their hearts. And thus there rose a silent offence on both sides. On hers, because they were so cold and distant; on theirs, because it seemed to them that she had come with the intention of being affable and kind to them, they who could no longer accept patronage. The mother lay on the sofa in the dark corner, and Sara sat on the chair in the window, and between the two points Pamela went straying, ashamed of herself, trying to smooth over her own secret irritation and discontent, trying to keep the peace between the others, and yet at the same time wishing and longing that her once welcome friend would leave them to themselves. The circumstances of their intercourse were changed, and the intercourse itself had to be organized anew. Thus the visit might have passed over, leaving only an impression of pain on their minds, but for an accident which set the matter in a clearer light. Pamela had been seated at the window with her work before Sara entered, and underneath the linen she had been stitching lay an envelope directed to her by Jack Brownlow. Jack had not seen his little love for one entire day, and naturally he had written her a little letter, which was as foolish as if he had not been so sensible a young man. It was only the envelope which lay thus on the table under Pamela's work. Its enclosure was laid up in quite another sanctuary, but the address was there, unquestionably in Jack's hand. It lay the other way from Sara's eyes, tantalising her with the well-known writing. She tried hard — without betraying herself, in the intervals of the conversation — to read the name on it upside down, and her suspicion had not, as may be supposed, an enlivening effect upon the conversation. Then she stooped and pretended to look at Pamela's work; then she

gave the provoking envelope a little stealthy touch with the end of her parasol. Perhaps scrupulous honour would have forbidden these little attempts to discover the secret; but when a sister perceives her brother's handwriting on the work-table of her friend, it is hard to resist the inclination to make sure in the first place that it is his, in the second place to whom it is addressed. This was all that Sara was guilty of. She would not have peeped into the note for a kingdom; but she did want to know whom it was written to. Perhaps it was only some old scrap of paper, some passing word about mendings or fittings to Mr. Swayne. Perhaps—and then Sara gave the envelope stealthily that little poke with her parasol.

A few minutes after she got up to her complexion had heightened suddenly in the strangest way, her eyes had taken a certain rigid look, which meant excitement and wrath. "Will you come out with me a little way? I want to speak to you," she said, as Pamela went with her to the door. It was very different from those old beseeching, tender, undeniable invitations which the one had been in the habit of giving to the other; but there was something in it which constrained Pamela, though she trembled to her very heart, to obey. She did not know any thing about the envelope; she had forgotten it—forgotten that she had left it there, and had not perceived Sara's stealthy exertions to secure a sight of it. But nevertheless she knew there was something coming. She took down her little black hat, trembling, and stole out, a dark little figure, beside Sara, stately in her light flowing draperies. They did not say a word to each other as they crossed the road and entered at the gates and passed Betty's cottage. Betty came to the door and looked after them with a curiosity so great that she was tempted to follow and creep under the bushes, and listen; but Sara said nothing to betray herself as long as they were within the range of old Betty's eye. When they had got to the chestnut-trees, to that spot where Mr. Brownlow had come upon his son and his son's love, and where there was a possibility of escaping from the observation of spectators at the gate, Sara's composure gave way. All at once she seized Pamela's arm, who turned round to her with her lips apart and her heart struggling up into her mouth with terror. "Jack has been writing to you," said Sara; "tell me what it has been about."

"What it has been about!" said Pamela, with a cry. The poor little girl was so taken by surprise that all her self-possession forsook her. Her knees trembled, her heart beat, fluttering wildly in her ears; she sank down on the grass in her confusion, and covered her face with her hands. "Oh, Miss Brownlow!" was all that she was able to say.

"That is no answer," said Sara, with all her natural vehemence. "Pamela, get up, and answer me like a sensible creature. I don't mean to say it is your fault. A man might write to you and you might not be to blame. Tell me

only what it means. What did he write to you about?"

Then Pamela bethought herself that she too had a certain dignity to preserve; not her own so much as that which belonged to her in right of her betrothed. She got up hastily, blushing scarlet, and though she did not meet Sara's angry questioning eyes, she turned her downcast face towards her with a certain steadfastness. "It is not any harm," she said, softly, "and, Miss Brownlow, you are no—no—older than me."

"I am two years older than you," said Sara, "and I know the world, and you don't; and I am his sister. Oh, you foolish little thing! don't you know it is wicked? If you had told me, I never never would have let him trouble you. I never thought Jack would have done any thing so dreadful. It's because you don't know."

"Mamma knows," said Pamela, with a certain self-assertion; and then her courage once more failed her. "I tried to stop him," she said, with the tears coming to her eyes, "and so did mamma. But I could not force him; not when he—he—would not. What I think of," cried Pamela, "is him, not myself; but if he won't, what can I do?"

"If he won't what?" said Sara, in her amazement and wrath.

But Pamela could make no answer; half with the bitterness of it, half with the sweetness of it, her heart was full. It was hard to be questioned and taken to task thus by her own friend; but it was sweet to know that what she could do was nothing, that her efforts had been vain, that *he* would not give up. All this produced such a confusion in her that she could not say another word. She turned away, and once more covered her face with her hand; not that she was at all miserable—or if indeed it was a kind of misery, misery itself is sometimes sweet.

As for Sara, she blazed upon her little companion with an indignation which was splendid to behold. "Your mamma knows," she said, "and permits it! Oh, Pamela! that I should have been so fond of you, and that you should treat me like this!"

"I am not treating you badly—it is you," said Pamela, with a sob which she could not restrain, "who are cruel to me."

"If you think so, we had better part," said Sara, with tragic grandeur. "We had better part, and forget that we ever knew each other. I could have borne any thing from you but being false. Oh, Pamela! how could you do it? To be treacherous to me who have always loved you, and to correspond with Jack!"

"I—don't—correspond—with Jack," cried Pamela, the words being wrung out of her; and then she stopped short, and dried her eyes, and grew red, and looked Sara in the face. It was true, and yet it was false; and the consciousness of this falsehood in the spirit made her cheeks burn, and yet startled her into composure. She stood upright for the first time,

and eyed her questioner, but it was with the self-possession not of innocence but of guilt.

"I am very glad to hear it," said Sara — "very glad; but you let him write to you. And when I see his handwriting on your table what am I to think? I will speak to him about it to-night; I will not have him tease you. Pamela, if you will trust in me, I will bring you through it safe. Surely it would be better for you to have me for a friend than Jack?"

Poor Pamela's eyes sank to the ground as this question was addressed to her. Her blush, which had begun to fade, returned with double violence. Such a torrent of crimson rushed to her face and throat that even Sara took note of it. Pamela could not tell a lie — not another lie, as she said to herself in her heart; for the fact was she did prefer Jack — preferred him infinitely and beyond all question; and such being the case, could not so much as look at her questioner, much less breathe a word of assent. Sara marked the silence, the overwhelming blush, the look which suddenly fell beneath her own, with the consternation of utter astonishment. In that moment a renewed storm of indignation swept over her. She stamped her foot upon the grass in the impatience of her thoughts.

"You prefer Jack," she cried, in horror — "you prefer Jack! Oh, heaven! but in that case," she added, gathering up her long dress in her arms, and turning away with a grandeur of disdain which made an end of Pamela, "it is evident that we had better part. I do not know that there is any thing more I can say. I have thought more of you than I ought to have done," said Sara, making a few steps forward and then turning half round with the air of an injured princess; "but now it is better that we should part."

With this she waved her hand and turned away. It was in her heart to have turned and gone back five-and-twenty times before she reached the straight line of the avenue from which they had strayed. Before she got to the first laurel in the shrubberies, her heart had given her fifty pricks on the subject of her cruelty; but Sara was not actually so moved by these admonitions as to go back. As for Pamela, she stood for a long time where her friend had left her, motionless under the chestnut-trees, with tears dropping slowly from her downcast eyes, and a speechless yet sweet anguish in her heart. Her mother had been right. The sister's little friend, and the brother's betrothed, were two different things. This was how she was to be received by those who were nearest in the world to him; and yet he was a man, and his own master; all she could do was in vain, and he could not be forced to give up. Pamela stood still until his sister's light steps began to sound on the gravel; and when it was evident the parting had been final, and that Sara did not mean to come back, the poor child relieved her bosom by a long sob, and then went home very humbly by the broad sunny avenue. She went and poured her troubles

into her mother's bosom, which naturally was so much the worse for Mrs. Preston's headache. It was very hard to bear, and yet there was one thing which gave a little comfort; Jack was his own master, and giving him up, as everybody else adjured her to do, would be a thing entirely without effect.

The dinner-table at Brownlows was very grave that night. Mr. Brownlow, it is true was much as usual, and so was Jack; they were very much as they always were, notwithstanding that very grave complications surrounded the footsteps of both. But as for Sara, her aspect was solemnity itself; she spoke in monosyllables only; she ate little, and that little in a pathetic way; when her father or her brother addressed her she took out her finest manners and extinguished them. Altogether she was a very imposing and majestic sight; and after a few attempts at ordinary conversation, the two gentlemen, feeling themselves very trifling and insignificant personages indeed, gave in, and struggled no longer against an influence which was too much for them. There was something, too, in her manner — something imperceptible to Mr. Brownlow, perceptible only to Jack — which made it clear to the latter that it was on his account his sister was so profoundly disturbed. He said "Pshaw!" to himself at first, and tried to think himself quite indifferent; but the fact was he was not indifferent. When she left the room at last, Jack had no heart for a chat with his father over the claret. He too felt his secret on his mind, and became uncomfortable when he was drawn at all into a confidential attitude; and to-day, in addition to this, there was in his heart a prick of alarm. Did Sara know? was that what she meant? Jack knew very well that sooner or later everybody must know; but at the present moment a mingled sense of shame and pride and independence kept him silent. Even supposing it was the most prudent marriage he could make, why should a fellow go and tell everybody like a girl? It might be well enough for a girl to do it — a girl had to get everybody's consent and ask everybody's advice, whereas he required neither advice nor consent. And so he had not felt himself called upon to say any thing about it; but it is nervous work, when you have a secret on your mind, to be left alone with your nearest relative, the person who has the best right to know, and who in a way possesses your natural confidence, and has done nothing to forfeit it. So Jack escaped five minutes after Sara, and hastened to the drawing-room, looking for her. Perhaps she had expected it — at all events she was there waiting for him still as solemn, pathetic, and important as it is possible to conceive. She had some work in her hands, which of itself was highly significant. Jack went up to her, and she looked at him, but took no further notice. After that one glance she looked down again, and went on with her work — things were too serious for speech.

• "What's the matter?" said Jack. "Why

are you making such a tragedy-queen of yourself? What has everybody done? My opinion is you have frightened my father to death."

"I should be very sorry if I had frightened papa," said Sara meekly; and then she broke forth with vehemence, "Oh, how can you, Jack? Don't you feel ashamed to look me in the face?"

"I ashamed to look you in the face?" cried Jack, in utter bewilderment; and he retired a step, but yet stared at her with the most straightforward stare. His eyes did not fall under the scrutiny of hers, but gradually as he looked there began to steal up among his whiskers an increasing heat. He grew red though there was no visible cause for it. "I should like to know what I have done," he said, with an affected laugh. "Anyhow, you take high ground."

"I couldn't take too high ground," said Sara, solemnly. "Oh, Jack! how could you think of meddling with that innocent little thing? To see her about so pretty and sweet as she was, and then to go and worry her and tease her to death!"

"Worry and tease—whom?" cried Jack, in amaze. This was certainly not the accusation he expected to hear.

"As if you did not know whom I mean!" said his sister. "Wasn't it throwing themselves on our kindness when they came here? And to make her that she dares not walk about or come out anywhere—to tease her with letters even! I think you are the last man in the world from whom I should have expected that."

Jack had taken to bite his nails, not well knowing what else to do. But he made no direct reply even to the solemnity of this appeal. A flash of anger sprang up over his face, and yet he was amused.

"Has she been complaining to you?" he said.

"Complaining," said Sara. "Poor little thing! No, indeed. She never said a word. I found it out all by myself."

"Then I advise you to keep it all to yourself," said her brother, "she don't want you to interfere, nor I either. We can manage our own affairs; and I think, Sara," he added, with an almost equal grandeur, "if I were you I would not notice the mote in my brother's eye till I had looked after the beam in my own."

The beam in her own! what did he mean? But Jack went off in a lofty way, contenting himself with this Parthian arrow, and declining to explain. The insinuation, however, disturbed Sara. What was the beam in her own? Somehow, while she was puzzling about it, a vision of young Powys crossed her mind, papa's friend, who began to come so often. When she thought of that, she smiled at her brother's delusion. Poor Jack! he did not know that it was in discharge of her most sacred duty that she was civil to Powys. She had been very civil to him. She had taken his part against

Jack's own refined rudeness, and delivered him even from the perplexed affabilities of her father, though he was her father's friend. Both Mr. Brownlow and Jack were pre-occupied, and Sara had been the only one to entertain the stranger. And she had done it so as to make the entertainment very amusing and pleasant to herself. But what had that to do with a beam in her eye? She had made a vow, and she was performing her vow. And he was her father's friend; and if all other arguments should be exhausted, still the case was no parallel to that of Pamela. He was not a poor man dwelling at the gate. He was a fairy prince, whom some enchantment had transformed into his present shape. The case was utterly different. Thus it was with a certain magnificent superiority over her brother's weakness that Sara smiled to herself at his delusion. And yet she was grieved to think that he should take refuge in such a delusion, and did not show any symptom of real sorrow for his own sin.

Jack had hardly gone when Mr. Brownlow came up-stairs. And he too asked Sara why it was that she sat apart in such a melancholy majesty. When he had heard the cause, he was more disturbed than either of his children had been. Sara had supposed that Jack might be trifling with her poor little friend—she thought that he might carry the flirtation so far as to break poor Pamela's heart, perhaps. But Mr. Brownlow knew that there were sometimes consequences more serious than even the breaking of hearts. To be sure he judged, not with the awful severity of a woman, but with the leniency of a man of the world; but yet it seemed to him that worse things might happen to poor Pamela than an innocent heartbreak, and his soul was disturbed within him by the thought. He had warned his son, with all the gravity which the occasion required; but Jack was young, and no doubt the warning had been ineffectual. Mr. Brownlow was grieved to his soul; and, what was strange enough, it never occurred to him that his son could have behaved as he had done, like a Paladin. Jack's philosophy, which had so little effect upon himself, had deceived his father. Mr. Brownlow felt that Jack was not the man to sacrifice his position and prospects and ambitions to an early marriage, and the only alternative was one at which he shuddered. For the truth was, his eye had been much attracted by the bright little face at the gate. It recalled some other face to him—he could not recall whose face. He had thought she was like Sara at first, but it was not Sara. And to think of that fresh sweet blossoming creature all trodden down into dust and ruin! The thought made Mr. Brownlow's heart contract with positive pain. He went down into the avenue, and walked about there for hours waiting for his son. It must not be, he said to himself—it must not be! And all this time Jack, not knowing what was in store for him, was hearing over and over again, with much repetition, the story of the envelope and Sara's

visit, and was drying Pamela's tears, and laughing at her fright, and asking her gloriously what anybody could do to separate them?—what could anybody do? A girl might be subject to her parents; but who was there who could take away his free-will from a man? This was the scope of Jack's conversation, and it was very charming to his hearer. What could any one do against that magnificent force of

resolution? Of course his allowance might be taken from him; but he could work. They had it all their own way in Mrs. Swayne's parlour, though Mrs. Swayne herself did not hesitate to express her disapproval; but as yet Mr. John knew nothing about the anxious parent who walked up and down waiting for him on the other side of the gate.

From the Examiner.

*Memoir of William Edmondstoune Aytoun, D. C. L., Author of 'Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers,' &c. &c. By Theodore Martin. With an Appendix. William Blackwood and Son.*

WILLIAM EDMONDSTOUNE AYTOUN, says the friend of kindred genius who has paid to him just honor in this Memoir, was descended from the scholar and poet Sir Robert Aytoun, of whom Ben Jonson was loved dearly, as he told Drummond of Hawthornden, and whom Hobbes of Malmesbury "made use of for an Aristarchus, when he made his epistle dedicatory for his translation of 'Thucydides.'" Burns took the idea of his 'Auld Lang Syne' from Sir Robert Aytoun's poem beginning

Should old acquaintance be forgot  
And never thought upon?

The father of William Edmondstoune Aytoun was Roger Aytoun, partner at Edinburgh in a leading firm of Writers to the Signet. Roger Aytoun was a cultivated man, a Whig, and a friend of Francis Jeffrey. He was married to a lady who had beauty, piety, and love of romance—a Jacobite who, when a girl, had seen Walter Scott in his boyhood, who delighted in the ballad poetry of Scotland, and transmitted her tastes to her only son.

William Edmondstoune Aytoun, born in June, 1813, was the only son of these parents; but he had two sisters, both of whom survive him, and to whom his friend Mr. Theodore Martin dedicates this Memoir.

Aytoun as a child was quick-witted, quick-tempered, and ready at fun. When ten or eleven years old he read with keen relish Scott's novels, and was glad to lay hold of the 'Devil on Two Sticks,' or 'Humphrey Clinker.' As a schoolboy he was full of animal spirits, too bright to be among the dunces, but only getting enough Latin and Greek to enable him to keep a fair place among schoolboys. His livelier sense of Latin and its literature, as something real and enjoyable, he got at the Edinburgh University from Professor Pillans. He advanced less in Greek, though drawn especially to Homer. He wrote much verse; serious verse in the manner of Pope and Dryden, ballads and squibs after his own lively fashion. He delighted also in field sports, and relished joyously the intercourse with friends. It was at college that Mr. Theodore Martin, also a student, but a few years Aytoun's junior, first saw his friend, cleverly upsetting with an effective unpremeditated speech the effect of the forced oratory of leaders in a students' meeting. That was in 1832, when Aytoun's age was seventeen, and in the same year his sympathy with the cause of the Poles led to his publishing 'Poland, Homer, and other Poems.'

In the following year Aytoun came to London, and spent several months in the chambers of a busy solicitor and parliamentary agent. He satisfied himself that there would not be a career for him as barrister in London, and spent the next winter at Aschaffenburg for acquisition of the German language and a study of its literature under Professor J. E. Merkel. There he translated the first part of *Faust* into English verse, and he wished to publish the



translation. At the same time, while urging his disinclination and unfitness against his father's wish that he should be a Writer to the Signet, he indicated the Chair of Belles Lettres in the University as a suitable object of ambition, for which he might fit himself by literary studies. Aytoun's translation of *Faust* never was published. When he returned to Edinburgh in April, 1834, he found no less than four new translations of *Faust*, either published or announced as in the press. Aytoun delighted also in the German fun and the bright poetical fancy of Tieck, and was stimulated by his contact with the German mind to much literary activity. But as Law seemed to be the only profession open to him, he passed the necessary examinations, was admitted in 1835 as Writer to the Signet, and worked in the chambers of his father's firm. But its business declined, and Aytoun resolved to try his fortune at the Scottish Bar, to which he was called in 1840. His known pursuit of literature did him no good with the solicitors. He had published in *Blackwood* translations from Uhland, and had translated the 22nd book of the 'Iliad' into English trochaics. In November, 1839, his poem of 'Hermotimus' had appeared in *Blackwood*; in May, 1840, he published, in *Blackwood*, translations from the Romaic; and in December, 1841, also in *Blackwood*, his poem of 'Blind Old Milton.' In 1840, also, his 'Life and Times of Richard the First' appeared in the series of the 'Family Library.' As a Barrister he did get, however, a moderate share of work, and did it well, especially criminal business, upon the Western Circuit.

By the wit, fun, and bright sense of literature which give long life to the caricatures of the Bon Gaultier Ballads, Mr. Theodore Martin first drew Aytoun to his side. Through Professor Forbes, Aytoun became at this time acquainted with Mr. Martin. The Bon Gaultier Ballads, which his new friend had begun to contribute to the magazines, tickled his fancy, and when he found that it was proposed to procure more he undertook to join in their production. "In this way," says his biographer, "a kind of Beaumont and Fletcher partnership commenced in a series of humorous papers, which appeared in *Tait's* and *Fraser's Magazines* during the years 1842, 1843, and 1844. In these papers, in which we ran a tilt with all the recklessness of youthful spirits, against such of the tastes or follies of the day as presented an opening for ridicule or mirth, at the same time that we did not altogether lose sight of a purpose higher

than mere amusement, appeared the verses, with a few exceptions, which subsequently became popular, to a degree we then little contemplated, as the 'Bon Gaultier Ballads.'" The whimsical imitations in these ballads of the manner of many poets was far in advance of the mere fun of the 'Rejected Addresses.' It was possible only to men of high spirits with eager relish for literature and a living sense of it, who in sympathy with men of genius might feel, each for himself, 'Auch ich war in Arkadien geboren.' "It was precisely the poets whom we most admired," says Mr. Theodore Martin, "that we imitated the most frequently. Let no one parody a poet unless he loves him. He must first be penetrated by his spirit, and have steeped his ear in the music of his verse, before he can reflect these under a humorous aspect with success."

The sympathy between Aytoun and the friend to whom we are indebted for this sketch of his career could not fail to be close. They had the same wholesome vivacity of humour, based on the same keen relish of poetry that made them both almost or altogether poets, and the minds of both had an affinity for the best German literature. If they were not born to be great chiefs themselves in literature, they are foremost examples of the brightest literary class,—men wholesome and kindly, with true critical enjoyment of the excellence of others, which, perhaps, somewhat impedes full exercise of independent powers upon the realities that genius shapes to its own uses or the needs of men. How delightfully the minds of these two friends were attuned to each other we may gather from a note in which Mr. Martin speaks of the habit of working together that caused them to catch something of each other's manner. When they were revising their translations of the 'Poems and Ballads of Goethe' for the press in 1858, Aytoun wrote to his colleague: "On going over the poems I was very much struck by the occasional resemblance of our styles. There is one of yours, 'To My Mistress,' which I could almost have sworn to as mine from the peculiarity of the cadence, if I did not know it to be yours." But in pleasant differences lies much of the charm of friendship, and with the poetry in Aytoun's nature there had grown from his first lessons at his mother's knee a romantic cavalier attachment to the Stuarts; a historical faith which, says his friend, "was to him only less sacred than his religious creed." His Scottish attachment to the Stuarts, Mr. Martin tells us, "was so real that it col-

oured his views of the history of that dynasty and its followers to a degree which surprised those who knew how critical was his observation and how practical his judgment in all other matters. Touch this theme at any time, even when his flow of mirthful spirits was at his fullest, and his tremulous voice and quivering lip told how deeply-seated were his feelings in all that related to it. On any other point he would bear to be rallied, but not upon this." Nettled by Thackeray's just treatment of Mary Stuart in one of his 'Lectures on the Four Georges,' when those lectures were given at Edinburgh, Aytoun said to him with unwonted harshness, "Stick to your Jeames's, Thackeray! They are more in your line than the Georges." The knowledge of this feeling in Aytoun will put some of the requisite heartiness into the reading of his best serious verse, the 'Lays of the Cavaliers.' The first of his ballads, which obtained for him the first success in serious verse, was the 'Burial March of Dundee,' which appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* for April, 1843. When he wrote it his father was dying, and his father died not many days before its publication. His father's death left Aytoun free, without home antagonism, to take his natural side as a party writer. He could only be a Conservative in politics. It is a rebuke to the narrowness of controversy that to this party belonged by nature and education so cultivated and fine-hearted a man as William Edmondstoune Aytoun. We quote a part of his friend's recollection of his character:—

He was of too kindly and sympathetic a nature, perhaps, to shine as a wit: not only was his friend dearer to him than his jest, but he had that fine instinct of pain which suspends many a flash of humour or wit that might dazzle many, but must wound one. But there was a charm of humour about his talk which it would be hard to define. It was compounded mainly of pleasant exaggeration, playful allusion, unlooked-for turns of phrase, and strong mother-wit. It was always essentially the humour of a gentleman, without cynicism and without irreverence. Irresistible while you were under its influence, it rose so entirely out of the occasion, and was so coloured by the mood of the moment—it was so much, in short, a part of the man—that it would be as impossible to fix it upon paper as to perpetuate the gradation of light and colour,

When, rapt through many a rosy change,  
The twilight dies into the dark.

This was Aytoun in his lighter moods; but

under this bubbling joyousness of spirit was a well of gentleness and tender heart, of strong feeling and chivalrous enthusiasm, which found its way to the surface on just occasion, and on just occasion only. He had, moreover, a fine eye for nature, and a subtle sympathy with all her moods and aspects, which made his familiar talk, when face to face with her, peculiarly delightful. Then his heart would open out into a stream of eloquent fancies, and the humourist was lost for the time in the ardent enthusiasm of the poet. To women he was always tenderly courteous, and with children he was always happy, and they with him.

In few cases did Aytoun make a more effective use of his powers than in the earnest humour of his protest against the disastrous Railway Mania, entitled 'How we got up the Glenmurchkin Railway, and how we got out of it.'

In 1845 the removal of Professor Spalding to St. Andrew's left vacant the chair of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres in the University of Edinburgh. As a student in Germany he had named to his father this chair as an object of ambition. Literature was the work for which he was most fit. He had been toiling at the Bar with slow success, while gradually earning his good name among writers. The salary attached to the chair was only 100*l.*, and the annual income from fees did not exceed 130*l.* He obtained the chair, and raised the number of the students from thirty in 1846 to upwards of 150 in 1864. He had also before his appointment become, as a contributor, intimately connected with *Blackwood's Magazine*, and for many years after 1844 wrote for it almost monthly. In April, 1849, Aytoun was married to the youngest daughter of Professor Wilson, and it was only then that he ceased to reside with his mother and sisters. When Lord Derby came into office in 1852, a vacancy in the sheriffship of Orkney and Zetland enabled him to requite with that office Aytoun's political services. Aytoun punctually fulfilled his duties, and usually spent in the Orkneys a part of the summer months. In June, 1853, Professor Aytoun received from Oxford the honorary degree of D. C. L.

In May, 1854, there appeared in *Blackwood* Aytoun's sham criticism of an unpublished tragedy, 'Firmilian,' by Percy Jones. The criticism and the extracts were both from one hand, but they took in many of the critics, and Aytoun was led to crown his joke by publishing a complete tragedy of 'Firmilian,' in caricature of the spasmodic style. At the end of 1855, Aytoun began to write his 'Bothwell,' which was published

in the following year, and with which we are glad to find that he was never himself satisfied. Then, after a few months' rest from literary labor, he was hard at work again. In 1857, he prepared an edition of Scottish Ballads. In 1858, he was busy with his friend, Theodore Martin, upon a reprint of their translation of Goethe's ballads and minor poems which had appeared in *Blackwood* in 1843-44. In April, 1859, Aytoun's wife died, leaving him childless. "Night after night," says Mr. John Blackwood, "I used to call in upon him, and any thing more melancholy than our old bright companion, sitting with his head leaning on his hands, cheerless and helpless, I never saw."

After this time, Aytoun's health broke. He began to publish in *Blackwood* his novel of 'Norman Sinclair,' diffuse and ill arranged, but full of good thought and covert personal reminiscence. He was sleepless and plagued with dyspepsia in which, as he painted its agonies, "a mutton chop becomes a fiery crab, rending the interior with its claws; and even rice pudding has the intorable effrontery to become revived as a hedgehog." In 1861, he sought health at the baths of Homburg. In November of that year, his mother died, at the age of ninety. In 1862, he went again to Homburg. He had grown thinner, and there was hectic flush upon his cheek. After this time he wrote but little. He sought comfort in a second marriage in December, 1863, was happy in it, and improved in health till, in the winter of 1864, the old distressing symptoms recurred. Next year he tried summer quarters in Scotland; in June, 1865, he wrote a vigorous political article for *Blackwood*. But on the 4th of the next August he died, sinking so rapidly that his sisters, summoned by telegram from Edinburgh, did not arrive till some hours after his death. "We went straight to his room," writes one of them, "and there he lay like a statue, with a heavenly smile upon his lips, and the colour in his cheek. It did not look like death; and they had laid him out with bunches of his favourite white roses on his breast."

From the Spectator.

#### THE END OF THE STRUGGLE.

THE division of Thursday night, which established the principle that minorities have a right to local as well as to Imperial repre-

sentation, may yet prove a turning-point in the history of Great Britain. For the first time since 1832, the "speculative" politicians, the men, that is, who can think as well as vote, reason as well as feel, who want to build like architects, and not merely pile up excreta like coral insects, who believe that a representative chamber should be an organism, and not a powdery precipitate from electoral chemicals, have fairly defeated the "practical" politicians, fairly driven a new idea into the thickest-headed Philistines among mankind, the bourgeois democracy. It has been a hard fight and a long one, and it has often seemed so hopeless that the reasoners despaired. The aristocrats would not listen, the *bourgeoisie* could not understand if they did listen, the people would not care, wire-pullers like Mr. Disraeli perceived that the innovation threatened their trade, and orators like Mr. Bright, in the true spirit of political insolence, called the only proposal ever made for scientific representation the "spawn" of feeble and prejudiced minds. Still the "reasoners," and the "dreamers," and the "enthusiasts," and the "politicians of the writing-table" fought on, opposing argument to assertion, sarcasm to horse laughter, intellectual enthusiasm to brute anger, till they converted the Peers, convinced the representatives of the workmen, won over the great newspaper, — the *Times* actually became earnest, for the first time since the Crimean War, — and, finally, being aided by a casual concurrence of circumstances, compelled the mass of members to consent to justice as a temporary experiment. Of course the experiment is a small one, as English experiments, and indeed all fruitful experiments, usually are, but it is quite sufficient for a trial, which if it works as we believe it will work, will change the House of Commons from a chamber representing a numerical majority into one representing the whole nation — its brains as well as its stomach — and finally save us from the greatest of all our immediate dangers, the rule of a bourgeois democracy, irresistible as any democracy must be, and vulgar in thought, aspirations, and action as an Anglo-Saxon democracy tends always to become. With ten-pounders for arbiters Mr. Mill has beaten Mr. Bright, the architect the leveller, and the result of the long contest ought to encourage the fanatics, dreamers, enthusiasts, and other believers in the moral right of the brain to guide the hands, to persevere in their efforts to make the sovereign assembly a real microcosm of the nation, competent to reflect people who can abolish

pauperism, as well as those who pay rates to keep paupers alive. After the vote of Thursday, we do not despair when redistribution is fairly on, and London obtains its fair share of members, of trying there Mr. Hare's plan, and so enabling the Metropolis to supplement the rank and file of the House by seating every celebrity whom less organized constituencies leave out. We have a lever in that project which we have not in this one, namely, the possibility of convincing the workmen that it is their direct interest that the experiment should be tried. Meanwhile, the work to be done is to show the minority in every borough and county how completely the new experiment protects them from disfranchisement, how vivid it may again make their political life, how direct it makes their connection with the Assembly which is supposed to represent all opinions, but which, on the bourgeois theory, ought to represent only those which have found place in the majority of heads. If the minority can only be thoroughly convinced at once of their power and their responsibility for its exercise, the first Householder Parliament may accept a really broad plan of redistribution, abolish all the little nests of corruption and petty prejudice, transfer nominal power to the places where actual power resides, without running the risk of producing a House filled with men as alike, as useless, and as powerful as cyphers after an arithmetical unit. Even if the minorities cannot accomplish this they may, if instructed, force on a most beneficial compromise, and by insisting on single seats and single votes — a plan to which even Mr. Bright seems disposed to yield — treble their own chance of representation.

For the rest, both Houses have, during the week, greatly improved the Bill. Lord Derby has been well enough to attend the Peers, and the absurd attempt to disfranchise the London workmen by raising the lodger qualification has been given up. Lord Cairns, who proposed that amendment, humbly confessed that he had made a blunder. He did not know; he said, he was sure; he thought the Commons had done one thing, and found on inquiry they had done another; and then the figure which he had taken for rental meant annual value, and then there was a difference, and so on, and so on through a quarter of an hour of a speech which reduced his audience to one of two alternatives. Either Lord Cairns knew nothing about the lodger franchise, in which case he had no business to touch it; or he did know, in which case

he is one of the weakest of politicians. The whole scene was most undignified, but still, the House of Lords rescinded their vote, and the Bill was greatly the better for their infirmity of purpose. They showed, as Mr. Disraeli said with his usual scorn of his fetishes, "adequate intelligence" to get out of an untenable position, and that is all which, perhaps, could be expected. On the other hand, the Commons have abolished voting-papers, which, in the present state of English intelligence, with tenants accustomed to obey their landlords, uneducated voters, and magistrates selected because they own land, would have half ruined the Bill. The alternative plan of collecting votes as we collect the census will not be listened to till members have paid their first election bills, and found them increased by exactly 300 per cent., and meanwhile, for one more Parliament every voter must declare his political opinions in the middle of a noisy, excited, and possibly half-drunk mob, who, the *Standard* coolly says, are sure to be Liberal, but who, Mr. Disraeli thinks, are sure to be Tory. Expense will very soon compel Parliament to abolish the present rude scheme of voting, and the Peers are not likely to quarrel with the Commons about a device which, if carried, would enable the freehold associations to manufacture Liberal county votes by the thousand, the Bill will next week be law, and on the 17th inst. Parliament will rise, having completed a single work — the dethronement of the Middle class.

Its last act has been to vote Mr. Disraeli another year of power. By a clause added at the last moment, in the event of a dissolution before January, 1869, the House of Commons is to be elected by the old constituency, and Mr. Disraeli has, therefore, only to threaten a dissolution to nullify the effect of his whole Bill. It is a very convenient arrangement, both for him and for the members, but from the day the Bill becomes law the Householders are masters, and they have only to signify to their members that this impudent little clause, which disfranchises two-thirds of the constituency for a whole year, must be repealed, and it will very quietly disappear. With a European war at hand the nation is not likely to be content with a dying Sovereign, and from the 17th the nation begins to rule.

---

One of the results of the Sultan's visit to Western Europe will be the immediate foundation of a great military school at Stamboul, on the model of Sandhurst.

From the Spectator.

## MR. CARLYLE ON REFORM.

WE do not wonder that Mr. Carlyle's semi-delirious utterance, or rather scream, in this month's *Macmillan*, should have attracted much attention. Force is a reality, the might of men are as important, in all eyes but those of the Creator, as the rights of men, and why should not the man who preaches the divinity of force obtain a hearing? He is listened to, and he ought to be, as much listened to as the man he must so bitterly hate, who dying beaten for beaten men who could not even thank him, murmured, "I see the best use God can put me to is to hang me," and so swept from earth the greatest iniquity the Almighty has ever tolerated upon it. Why not Thomas Carlyle, as well as John Brown? They are both exponents of truths, the greatest exponents of the greatest truths alive in our century, and although one be representative of the Devil's truth and the other of God's let us at least reject the one and accept the other consciously. Mr. Carlyle has something to say, and the half delirious, rhapsodical way in which he says it has very little to do with the matter, nothing if he is intelligible at all, and he is quite intelligible. He wants to say, if we understand him, and we understand him probably as well as the mass of those he addresses, that the recent movement of politics in England, notably the introduction of Household Suffrage, tends to impair force, to destroy leadership, to substitute the will of the most numerous for the will of the wisest and the strongest, to make society in fact more or less anarchical. The aristocracy, he says, over and over again, and by aristocracy he does not mean people with pedigrees only — though Thomas Carlyle being Scotch, and therefore admiring Mary Stuart and John Knox, feat to which mortal of any other nation is incompetent, he gives them the first chance — are destroyed by this Bill, or at least driven out of politics to their estates, there to use, as he suggests, their "power of banishment" to drill riflemen for rebellion. If that were true, it would be in our eyes at least, — who believe a man superior to the dust of which he is made, a nation something more than a congeries of individuals, a Church something besides a congregation of good and faithful men, — a serious charge to bring against the new Constitution of Great Britain. If it be true that the Householder Parliament is likely to select worse leaders and follow them less faithfully than the Ten-Pounder

Parliament, the change ratified this week stands condemned. An army which *ex necessitate rei* cannot produce a good officer, or producing will not follow him, is a bad army — it needs no Apostle of Force to tell Liberals that any more than Tories — but is that datum true of this particular reform? We doubt it very greatly. If experience can teach men anything, it is that the one virtue which can be predicated of masses of men is that they will elect strong leaders, men, it may be, with every vice except weakness, while small groups elect feeble men, men with every virtue except strength. The impression of politicians, we think an accurate one, has been that the tendency of popular leaders is to tyranny, to an overweening determination to be aristocrats in Mr. Carlyle's sense of that word. It was not the aristocracy who turned up John Knox, or Cromwell or the "lean indomitable man" Pitt, or Mirabeau, or St. Just, or the "bronze lips" which said "fire" at the right moment — spoiling human progress very much thereby — or the pale enigma, with a tendency to sea-green, who now rules France, or any one of the heroes Mr. Carlyle delights to extol. Nor was it the aristocracy who welcomed his last and worst pet, Frederick, who, after fighting for him for seven years on rye bread, and amid suffering almost like that of the defenders of Jerusalem, recognized that a leader in Israel, a great German among Germans, had arisen at last. Men very like the householders whom we have just enthroned raised all these men to power, or recognized them in power, and the fault of those leaders certainly was not weakness. We had thought that the special vice even of manhood suffrage was its tendency to believe in force, to prefer men like Jefferson, or Jackson, or Napoleon, men just after Mr. Carlyle's own heart, men who can, if needful, institute rather more rhythmic drill — phrase, by the way, for which we could pardon almost any aberration — than philosophical mankind quite approves. The two most absolutely popular elections of our day have resulted in Napoleon and Lincoln, men who may have had any amount of faults, but who certainly have not shown themselves disqualified by want of compelling power. Mr. Carlyle makes a good deal of Mr. Walpole's tears — rather unfairly, though we have no right to say so, for after all the man cried in the Continental, emotional way, which has nothing to do with weakness — but suppose Mr. Walpole weak, he was not the nominee of any mob, but of that refined aristocratic society which Mr.



Carlyle, under some momentary aberration, seems to prefer. Mob's nominee and favourite, on Second December, did not cry at all, but crowned over a fire saying only, "Let my orders be carried out;" and they were carried out, and people killed wholesale. The worst that can be said of the Householders is that they are a crowd, and the weakness of a crowd is to believe in the strong, not the weak; they shout it may be, for Barabbas, instead of Christ; but then is not Barabbas nearer Mr. Carlyle's ideal? He was not a weak person by any means, or given to letting people go their own way, but a violent brigand, erroneously supposed by the Jewish people to be of the Wallace stamp. Our fear, we confess, and it is at least as reasonable as Mr. Carlyle's, is, that we may be entering an era of Dictators, of persons who will order civilization to march on with an abruptness and violence which will destroy much of its good effect, but whom the householders will sustain most consistently and energetically when they are most violent. The evil tendency, if there is one, is not to Walpoles, but to Broadheads.

It is very possible — and we have a doubt, despite his writings whether it is not this which worries Mr. Carlyle — that leadership may, under our new society, pass away from the aristocracy of birth. We cannot see why it should, for the Bill once out of the way Lord Stanley or Lord Cranborne is quite as likely to rule England as any "demagogue;" and if we were running a President we would back the Foreign Secretary against anybody; but if it does, to whom will it pass away? Clearly to three or four classes of men, Parliamentary chiefs, aristocratic, or men of the people, as it may be, but at all events, strong men — Heaven help the mob if they invade Hyde Park with Mr. Bright, Lord Cranborne, or Mr. Forster as Home Secretary, and a clear law! — to Radical Generals, should we ever get any, and to great bureaucrats, men who can really organize strong departments, as people say Mr. Scudamore and Sir C. Trevelyan can, and to Trades' Union Chiefs. Why will they not do, on Mr. Carlyle's theory, for aristocrats, for leaders with a tendency to make fools do wise things, to introduce, in his own language, the rhythmic drill which, though with very different objects, we admire as much as he does, — to guide the nation, in more strictly political language, into the course which will enable it to apply its strength rhythmically to the attainment of its ends?

Does the biographer of Cromwell and of

Knox really believe so exclusively in birth in a country where, as George II. said, there is only one gentleman (of heralds' making), — an unknown person called Lord Denbigh, — and where we believe there is not one family with a pedigree which is more than bourgeois on both sides. We beg his pardon for the suggestion, but if this is not the aristocracy, the claim to leadership he wants, what is he asking? Prominence? The new men will soon be as prominent as the old. Strength? They cannot be weaker anyhow than the six hundred persons labelled "noble," who have just surrendered the last relics of their power without a fight which would have frightened mice. The power of compulsion? Well, the new leaders will have irresistible physical force behind them, and if they do not use it they will be better than the majority of their kind. Was it weakness or strength, strength beyond human imagination, which refused the "legions of angels." To put the case into its most concrete and most brutal form, is conscription, the education of the whole people into a capacity to kill rhythmically, less or more likely because we are to have a Householder Parliament? The new electorate may not pass that particular law, but it can do it, and the ten-pounder constituency cannot, and the experience of mankind is that men who can do a thing, good or evil, are a good deal more likely to do it than men who cannot. If this Parliament does not compel a rhythmic action against the foreigner, ignorance, roughs, and other evils, a good deal stronger than most of us will approve, it will be very false to the usual course of genuinely popular assemblies. "Swarmery" may be a very evil thing, — though the swarming of animals, birds, insects, and other Heaven directed creatures always precedes departure from the unsuitable to the convenient place, — but at all events it helps to crush things in the way. Weakness is not the especial quality one would predicate of the sway of a crowd, the flow of a tide, the rush of a sand-storm, the march of a waterspout over the waves, and they are all strict analogues for that purblind but irresistible surge of opinion through which modern democracy acts; and it is democracy, if anything, which we have installed. Mr. Carlyle believes that in fifty years "the Church, all churches, and so-called religions, the Christian Religion itself, will have deliquesced into Liberty of Conscience, Progress of Opinion, Progress of Intellect, Philanthropic Movement, and other aqueous resolves of a badly scented character!" and all because fishermen, carpenters, and other mean individuals, are

to be heard in the world. Was it, then, an aristocracy which established the Christian Faith, or purified it when it had rotted, or believes it now?

From the Intellectual Observer.

#### JAPAN, AND ITS CURRENCY.

BY JOSEPH NEWTON, H. M. MINT.

It is highly probable, if it be not morally certain, that, ere many years shall have passed away, the thick veil of mystery which has so long, and so effectually concealed from us an exact knowledge of the laws which govern, and the peculiar habits which distinguish the inhabitants of Japan, will be removed. Such a consummation we believe must result from the more enlightened, and, it may also be said, far more rational mode of conducting negotiations with the authorities of that strange empire of islands which now prevails. This country, indeed, is particularly fortunate at present in having as its chief representative at the Court of the Tycoon so able a diplomatist, and so dispassionate a man as Sir Rutherford Alcock. If it be true that —

"A wise physician skilled our woes to heal,  
Is more than armies for the public weal,"

it is equally certain that a talented and honest statesman may contribute largely to the promotion of the social and commercial intercourse, and the happiness of nations. In time past it has been too much the custom for ambassadors and others, while "dressed in a little brief authority," to play very "fantastic tricks" indeed with those to whom they were accredited, and thus to create, or widen breaches instead of promoting peace and confidence. The fact, which is sustained by abundant evidence, has had the effect, in too many instances, of preventing instead of aiding the extension of commerce, and thereby arresting the progress of civilization and of Christianity itself.

The manner in which our intercommunication with the Japanese has been conducted during the last few years is happily not amenable to any such painful criticism. Confidence, it has been truly asserted, is a "plant of slow growth," but it appears to be one in process of rapid cultivation between England and Japan, and we all

know the value of the production when fully matured. At this moment, there are in this country many intelligent young Japanese, some of them of noble birth, and destined for future legislatures, under course of educating and training in Great Britain, whilst several of the vexatious restrictions which heretofore prevented the admission of Englishmen into Japan have disappeared. In short, a quiet and gradual, yet sure and steady revolution in these directions is going on, and its course is fraught with advantage to the peoples of both countries.

In the magnificent exhibition of fruits and flowers of the world's industrial gardens, now in full display at Paris, a considerable section is devoted to the exposition of articles from Japan. This forms, indeed, one of the most interesting portions of the wondrous show, and the ingenuity and originality manifested by the artists and workpeople who have prepared the articles are extraordinary. The fact of their transmitting so much valuable property to France, and taking so palpable an interest in the success of the gigantic undertaking, is in itself a strong proof that the Japanese are becoming fully alive to the advantages of international traffic; as it certainly proves that the councils of the Tycoon are not now under the influence of the old spirit of exclusiveness. Taking this, with other signs and portents of a similar character into account, there can be little danger in predicting that closer and far more familiar relations between the states of Europe generally and Japan will soon exist. Such a result cannot but be productive of good to all, and we hail its approach as a certain guarantee of increasing commercial prosperity, for this country especially.

If, however, there are externally to Japan, as it were, symptoms of an increasing intercourse such as has been indicated, there are corresponding symptoms within its own limits. To one of these latter it is proposed now to invite attention, namely, that of a proposed reformation of the metallic currency, which subject is under discussion by the Japanese Government. On matters of trade and currency which, as we so well know, have the most direct and vital bearing upon each other, the people of Japan have been instructed to some extent by the Dutch, with whom their trading transactions have hitherto been almost exclusively carried on. The information thus gained nevertheless was of a limited kind, and was probably sought for the purpose of meeting the internal wants of the country, and the consequence was the establishment of a sys-

tem of coinage by no means cosmopolitan in its application, but, on the contrary, most narrow and artificial. The coinage of Japan was, however, it must be admitted, carefully devised, from one point of view, for its especial object, and its arrangement, though presenting startling anomalies to those unaccustomed to it, was not ill adapted to the daily necessities of the native population. The treaty which was completed in 1858, conjointly between Great Britain, America, and Japan, and which, to a very limited degree, opened up commerce between the three countries, first induced the Japanese to take into earnest consideration the nature and peculiarities of their own metallic currency, and its adaptability or otherwise to the purposes of foreign trade. This consideration was a fact forced upon them by pressure of the strongest influence which it is said can operate upon traders in general—that of self-interest. To make this point more clear and intelligible, let us describe the coinage of Japan, as it was arranged at the period just cited.

The principal coins circulating anterior to 1858, were the gold *koban*, and the gold *itzebu*, and the silver *itzebu*. The original *koban* of gold was worth about 18s. 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ d., or 18s. 5d. British. The gold *itzebu* was worth one-third of the gold *koban*, and the silver *itzebu* equalled in value 1s. 4d. English money. At the time of the partial opening up of foreign trading transactions, the *koban* circulated in Japan at four *itzebus*, although its European value was actually nearly fourteen *itzebus*! The immediate consequence of this latter circumstance on the sharp traders of America and England, was to induce them to buy up all the *kobangs* that came in their way at the Japanese valuation. By this proceeding, which no doubt enlightened the poor natives, and revealed to them the truly commercial character of their new customers, the latter gained large sums of money. The lesson thus practically taught and forcibly illustrated, was speedily learnt by the Japanese, who set about purchasing the remaining *kobangs*. The result necessarily was a total disappearance of the *koban* from the channels of general circulation.

At present, therefore, gold and silver *itzebus* are the coins which mainly do duty as the circulating media of Japan. These are supplemented, however, by a silver coin known as the *itacune*, and which is equal in value to 12s. British. There are also in use among the humbler classes of the native population, subsidiary pieces of copper and of iron, and which are known individually

as the *sen*, or cash.\* Of these 376 are required to equal in value an English shilling. The obsolete *kobangs* were thin and oval-shaped discs of flattened gold, two inches in length, and 1 $\frac{1}{4}$  inches in width. Their weight averaged 200 English grains, and their almost universal degree of fineness was  $\frac{500}{505}$ . The ornamentation of the *koban* was of the most primitive and simple nature. A kind of scroll like a floreated design at the top, and at the bottom of the obverse, was supposed to represent the coat of arms of the *Dairi*. Characters stamped in immediately beneath the upper coat of arms indicated the exact weight and value of the coin and the date of its production. Above the lower coat of arms was the name of the Master of the Mint at which it was minted, and who thus guaranteed and made himself responsible for its genuineness.† In the centre of the reverse was the official mark of the Director-general of the gold and silver coinages, and not unfrequently the names also of private individuals were imprinted on the same side to demonstrate that the coin had passed through their balances and not been "found wanting."

The gold *itzebu*, or, in the more vulgar tongue, the "itjib," weighs about 60 English troy grains, and its degree of fineness is  $\frac{500}{505}$ . It is simply an oblong piece of gold plate metal, with rectangular ends admirably adapted for cutting holes in pockets. It is  $\frac{3}{4}$  of an inch in width, and ornamented by a coat of arms, characters exemplifying its weight and value, and other official marks of the director of coins. The *itacune* is an oval-ended plate of silver, three inches in length, 1 $\frac{1}{4}$  inches in width, weighing 1160 English troy grains, and possessing a degree of fineness equal to  $\frac{600}{605}$ . It is stamped with the Imperial arms, top and bottom, with declaration of current weight and value in the middle.

As has been stated, some of the consequences of the treaty were soon felt in a material sense. It was ascertained that one Mexican dollar was, approximately, equal in value to three *itzebus*. Foreign merchants were therefore entitled to demand three *itzebus* in exchange for a dollar, and as, by the provisions of the same treaty, permission was given for the free export of gold and silver, the gold coins could be obtained at the Mint price for the *itzebus* thus acquired, they were speedily bought up and

\* The coarsest specimens of mintage extant, are not equal to the Chinese "cash," illustrated at page 121, vol. iii. of "Intellectual Observer."

† An arrangement existing in this country in the days of the Saxon Heptarchy.

From the Spectator.

## THE CRISIS IN ITALY.

exported. Is it surprising that the Japanese soon complained that they were being robbed under the actual conditions of the treaty which thus legalized fraud? Sir Ruth-erford Alcock, who was a witness of these evils, strenuously endeavoured to remove, or at least to mitigate them. He advised that the Government of the Tycoon should remodel its own currency laws, and his suggestions were partially adopted. Had they been wholly acted upon, greater good would have resulted. Timidity and prejudice prevented this, and half measures, as usual, ended in disaster, or at any rate in failure.

Further counsel has been recently invoked from the English Government, and while we write, vigorous attempts are being made to effect a complete re-arrangement of the Japanese currency. It would be premature to adumbrate even the nature of the bases upon which the new system of currency will be placed, but it may be predicted with safety that decimalization will be one of them. At all events, it is undoubtedly true, that the experiences of the last few years have enlightened the minds of the ministers of the Tycoon in respect of the highly important matters of trade, currency, and coinage, and it is therefore more than probable that on these, as on other questions, ideas once reckoned as inadmissible, will be warmly entertained, if not willingly realized.

The currency system of Japan, during the isolation of that country for many centuries from the rest of the world, was constructed on principles and framed with views so entirely different from those adopted by other countries within the circle of general commerce, that it may well be regarded, like other institutions of that strange nation, as a puzzle. The Government was able to control the coinage as it pleased, and there were only two channels by which it was attainable — the Dutch and the Chinese establishment at Nagasaki. Now all this is changed, or in process of transformation, and American coins are in partial circulation throughout Japan.

It will not astonish us very much to learn that a new Imperial Mint, fitted with the best machinery and most complete apparatus which England can furnish, is ordered, or that such an establishment is actually in course of construction at Nagasaki. In this respect at least, Japan will presently be placed on an equal footing with America and the states of Europe. Who shall predict the future history of the mysterious nation in question, or guess even at the final extent of the moral, intellectual, and physical development of its people?

PRIVATE accounts from Italy are by no means reassuring. For the first time since 1861 Liberal statesmen are beginning to doubt whether Italy is really made, or whether if it is made the existing constitutional régime can be preserved. It is believed in many quarters, and most believed by those who know most, that the financial difficulty is at last coming to a head, and that the Government may yet be compelled, or rather be induced, to adopt measures which must end in nearly universal dissatisfaction. Partly through the excessive parsimony of the Italians, partly through a system of collection so wasteful that the money received by the Treasury amounts to only 79 per cent. of the money paid by the people, the revenue falls short of the expenditure by at least eight millions sterling a year, and successive Ministries appear incompetent to establish an equilibrium. There are, of course, but two modes of securing that end — to reduce the expenditure one-third, or to increase taxation in the same proportion — and to both there are almost insuperable objections. Taxation in Italy is already high for a country with little external trade and not much accumulated wealth, and no tax not pressing directly upon the mass of the people can now be expected to draw. Unfortunately, almost any tax would be defeated by the economy of the Italians, who would go without anything, wine, for example, sooner than allow it to bear an increased proportion to their daily outlay; while the single tax which cannot be evaded — the tax on flour, to be levied at the mill — will, it is feared, if imposed, produce a general rising in the South, already deeply discontented, and perhaps involve a civil war in Sicily, where the Government is out of favour with every class of the population. Any other tax would cost more than it brought, and the Government is therefore driven back upon reductions, which must include at least one third of its whole outlay. Three separate projects of this kind have been offered, and have failed, and Italians despondingly believe that the present one will share the same fate. The principle of the first, which was bold enough in all conscience, was to lay up or sell the fleet, reduce the Army to 100,000 men, and dismiss every placeman not indispensable to the administrative machine, but it was unpopular alike with Parliament and

the constituencies. The Parliament was afraid, and, indeed, is still afraid, that Italy with a weak army would be compelled to follow France too servilely, would lose all chance of Rome, would surrender the South to brigandage, and would in the end have to buy French assistance with new concessions of territory or alliances. The electors, sympathizing in these views, were, besides, annoyed with the threatened attack on the placemen, middle-class Italians hungering for appointments even more than middle-class Frenchman, who would always prefer 40*l.* and a uniform to 100*l.* and duty in a shop. The opportunity passed, and a second proposal was advocated by the Radicals to increase the Income-tax up to the necessary level, and extend it over the interest of the debt — a proposal received on all hands as a deliberate breach of faith with the public creditor. That creditor, as we shall shortly explain, is unusually powerful in Italy, and the project, not in itself unreasonable or unprecedented, was ultimately laid aside, though Rattazzi even now finds it needful to deny its existence about once a quarter. The third proposition, Sella's, was perhaps the most hopeful — to raise half the deficiency by a flour-tax, abolish the other half by reductions in the Navy, the Civil administration and the Civil List, and then with a clear balance-sheet and a revived credit, to meet any insurrection which might occur in consequence of taxation. The forced currency would at the same time be redeemed, and the floating debt diminished by a heavy tax on the landed property of the Church. This last proposal did not please the Parliament, which was opposed to any taxation of the Church — a tax presupposing a guaranteed right to the property taxed — but it sent up the funds, and might have passed, but for an unexpected obstacle. The King, who knows nothing of finance, and whose Civil List is burdened to an extraordinary extent, had been convinced that sweeping reductions were unnecessary, that they would involve excessive annoyance to himself and the *employés*, that the proposals for them were the result of bad government, and that it would be easier to change the Ministry than to accept them. He did so, and Rattazzi now finds himself face to face with the following facts. The forced currency must be redeemed, for the people, with whom economy is the tenderest point, are beginning to reject the paper money, even in payment for necessary stores, and the redemption will take nearly twenty millions. At the same time the

floating debt must be lightened, or the Treasury will be paralyzed in its daily operations, while it must also be increased by the whole amount of the annual deficit, for an ordinary loan could not be raised. Russia has just failed to raise one on most liberal terms. Reductions on any broad scale are impossible until the King gives way, and as yet he appears opposed to what he considers unnecessary sacrifices. To meet the emergency therefore, Rattazzi has nothing but a right, just conferred by Parliament, to sell a third of the property of the Church, which will, it is greatly to be feared, prove insufficient, though he is using it wisely enough. He proposes, we understand, to raise an internal loan, the bonds to bear interest, but to be available at par for the purchase of the Church lands as they are offered for sale. Repayment in full in land, instead of cash, is in fact guaranteed, and some twenty millions sterling may possibly be in this way raised, more especially if the Pope will sanction the arrangement. When that has been expended — and it will be gone at once if the paper money is withdrawn — the Government must either induce Victor Emanuel to consent to huge reductions, involving grave personal sacrifices, or must offer a composition to the national creditor, or, in the more definite way of putting it, must reduce interest from 5 per cent. to 3. This idea, which has been quietly discussed all through Italy, excites prodigious discontent, and would, it seems certain, if realized, finally turn the people against the Government. Of the two hundred millions of the debt, probably three-fourths is held in Italy, mainly by persons who have absolutely no other resource. There are few objects of investment, the loans have been national and popular, Italians are accustomed, when they have saved something, to live quietly on their rentes, and the mass of individual misery caused by repudiation or composition would, it is honestly believed, be sufficient to overturn the kingdom. Not a family would escape a blow of the severest kind. The people would probably rise, but if they did not the next Parliament would be universally Mazzinian, prepared for any revolutionary extremity. Even the possibility of such an act excites the public to frenzy, and all Rattazzi's solemn denials — made, we believe, in perfect good faith — are received with a deep suspicion.

So irritable is the public, so sullen the Army, so doubtful the Parliament, that there is, we are told, in the opinion of acute observers, danger to the throne itself.



The House of Savoy lost much at Custozza, it loses more by resistance to necessary reductions, most by the absurdly exaggerated rumours to which that resistance gives rise. If there were a House of Orleans in Italy the throne might fall in a popular outburst, and even as it is the danger is regarded as a menacing one. It is not that there is attack, so much as a total absence of hearty or determined support; not so much that there is hostility, as that there is a decay of loyalty. Any explosion directed against the throne would be a frightful misfortune for Italy, for the alternative is not a Republic which might be strong, but a federation which must be weak. The old traditions live among the people, the South is still unreconciled, Italy has had no grand victory to cement her unity, and, the House of Savoy dismissed, every province would begin asserting its autonomy. Fortunately, the ablest statesmen in Italy feel this till they will bear anything, any misconception, any personal sacrifice, rather than Italy shall quarrel with her elected dynasty; but there are limits to parliamentary patience; the party of action is increasing fast in every province, the relations with France are becoming strained, Parisian journals are talking of another "intervention" in Rome, and the one necessity for the King is to sanction, nay, order, a desperate attempt to restore the finances. It may be done even now, if he will but believe that Sella can do it, or will let him try, without believing it; but if he will not, if he trusts to advisers who misapprehend public feeling, if he will not throw himself entirely on his Parliament, which is willing to take extreme measures, the friends of the House of Savoy, among whom all Englishmen may be counted, will, for the first time in the past seven years, be alarmed for its destiny. Italians are like Frenchmen in this at least, that when they speak of the Government they are always thinking of the King.

---

From the Examiner, 10 Aug.

#### THE MEETING OF THE EMPERORS.

It appears that the arrangements for the visit of the Emperor and Empress of the French to the Emperor and Empress of Austria, immediately after the Napoleon *fête* on the 15th of August, have been completed. The interview between the two monarchs, who divide between them the

largest portion of the dominion of Charlemagne, is to take place in the town of Salzburg, the birthplace of the great middle-age hero. Professedly, the visit is one of sympathy and condolence with the Austrian Emperor on account of the fate of the ill-advised and ill-fated Maximilian; really, it is one of high political significance, in which matters of the deepest interest will be debated between the two Emperors with all the freedom which personal intercourse allows. The visits of the other Emperors and Kings to Paris were visits of form and courtesy, whereas that of the Austrian monarch was looked forward to as one of friendship and political meaning. The importance of the meeting is not diminished by the circumstance that it has not taken place in Paris in the first instance, but in Salzburg.

The Emperor Francis Joseph can hardly be supposed to receive his brother monarch with a genuine feeling of pleasure. Napoleon has been to him and his House the source of too many losses and sorrows to make his presence agreeable. Magenta and Solferino, Sadowa and Mexico must constantly recur to his mind in the presence of his Imperial visitor; and if situations were not stronger than feelings, it is highly improbable that Napoleon III. would ever be a guest at the Court of Francis Joseph. France and Austria, however, have now no object of contention to keep them divided and hostile. The kingdom of the Lombards, conquered by Charlemagne, remained for centuries the cause of enmity and war between his successors in the East and West, but that having been removed by the erection of the Kingdom of Italy, a common political interest would naturally draw France and Austria together without the accidental occurrence of a mutual calamity. It must be borne in mind that it was the timely interference of France which saved Vienna, and probably the Austrian Empire, after the battle of Sadowa. Count Bismarck would not have stopped short in his work of creating a United Germany if he had been allowed to deal with Austria alone. The result of French interference has been that German Unity has yet to be constituted. People talk as if the German nation was now a compact and united body, with Prussia at its head. But that is by no means the case, and when it is said that "the consolidation of German nationality is a material guarantee of European tranquillity," the very opposite view is much nearer the truth. The consolidation of German nationality can only be effected by the ab-

sorption of the South Germans and Austrian Germans. Can this be done without further conflict? Is Prussia contented with what she has won? Will Austria quietly resign to her rival the German territory which she has got before and behind the Danube? Will she abdicate Vienna and make Pesth the centre of a new Power in the East? These are the important questions that start up the moment it is alleged that "the consolidation of Germany is a material guarantee of European tranquillity." For ourselves, we have no belief that Austria will yield up her eight or nine millions of Germans to Prussia; and hence, the more strongly and urgently the feeling of nationality is pressed in Germany, the greater the danger to the tranquillity of Europe. The object of France is plain enough. That of Austria is not less so; but Austria is placed in a far more delicate position, for she can hardly take part with France in a war against Prussia without the appearance of making war against German Unity. The situation is an extremely critical one. The impulse of unity, stimulated and guided by a statesman of Count Bismarck's ability and unscrupulousness; the indisposition of France to see a United Germany, with one leg firmly planted on the French side of the Rhine; and the reluctance of Austria, the oldest representative of Germany, to lose her German provinces, creates a political danger in the centre of Europe, from which nothing but the most pacific disposition and the most moderate counsels can save us. Unhappily there are no signs of such dispositions and counsels. On the contrary, armaments are going on noiselessly, but ceaselessly. The sentiment of German nationality is stimulated by the perpetual demands and intermeddling of France — now in asking for compensation, now in endeavouring to obtain Luxemburg, now in interference in North Slesvig on behalf of Denmark; all which interference is adroitly made use of by Count Bismarck to strengthen his own power, and to show to Germany that Prussia is the defender of German rights and independence, and that she should be the standard-bearer of the future German Empire; whilst, on the Austrian side, all the great ability of Von Beust is directed to preparing Austria for the coming struggle, by making her secure and free at home. Napoleon, Bismarck, and Beust are the candidates for the three-cornered constituency created by recent events in the centre of Europe, and the electors, who can pronounce an independent judgment, will probably have to vote for some two. It

is absurd to think that the Emperors Napoleon and Francis Joseph are going to meet next week to shed unavailing tears over the corpse of Maximilian. They will most assuredly discuss the German and the European problem — not to speak of the East — which is every day more and more demanding a solution.

It is a consolation to believe that whether the issue be peace or war, the cause of liberty will gain. Except in France, it seems to be admitted that one of the most powerful of national agencies abroad is liberty at home. Austria, which was the last and firmest stronghold of despotism, has awakened from her long trance, and, under the guidance of a Protestant statesman, Catholic Austrians have demanded the abolition or revision of the Concordat, and the Government have made all subjects equal in the eye of the law. The free thought of Germany will make itself heard, in spite of the militarism or Caesarism, whether of Prussia or of Austria. The Italian Government has made alliance with the patriots of the Left, whose capital will be Rome; England has made a stride in Reform which has surprised and astounded even herself; and we have strong hopes that France, which should be first, and is last, in the race of liberty, may attain her true place in the field of Freedom, whatever may be the decision of her Emperor in consultation with Francis Joseph of Austria.

---

From the London Review, 10 Aug.

#### THE MEETING OF THE EMPERORS AT SALZBURG.

An event which, according to the news-mongering speculators of the Continent, must be pregnant with the most momentous political results, and which, in fact, may possess a certain political significance, is fixed to take place on the 16th of the present month. Napoleon III. and Francis Joseph meet, once more as at Villafranca, face to face. Since that famous interview in the hot summer of 1859, how many visible changes have been wrought in the European Commonwealth. — how many silent and all but unheeded revolutions have accomplished themselves. Austria, whose aggression had been daunted, but whose strength and even prestige had been hardly impaired by Solferino, has been stricken down helpless and despised by the terrible

ruin of Sadowa. And as the power of the Hapsburg House has waned, its old rivals, the House of Hohenzollern and the House of Savoy, have thriven by its fall. North Germany is united and free; Italy is united and free. The patient endurance of Hungarian patriotism has been rewarded by unwilling concession of that independence for which Deak and his brave followers so long and so unwaveringly struggled. Each of these changes would have sufficed to uproot the power of the firmest dynasty in Europe; all in fatal combination have reduced the Austrian monarchy to political nothingness. Yet it cannot be said that he who was in great part the author of these revolutions, and who certainly expected most to profit by them, has seen his anticipations realized. To diminish the Austrian influence by erecting on either side a confederation of small States hostile to the Hapsburgs, and therefore subservient to French dictation, — this was unquestionably what Napoleon III. had hoped both from the war of 1859 and the war of 1866. Every thing that he has intruded for has failed. His Frankenstein-craft has raised up in Italy no despicable rival to his domination, and in Prussia a far more formidable and dangerous one. Outside of Europe, the ruin of the Southern Confederacy defeated all his political combinations and compelled him to a disastrous and shameful retreat from Mexico. To fill up the cup of his abasement, he has been doomed to see the Prince, whose throne he had prided himself on having erected, die the death of a felon at the hands of those whom French proclamations had insulted as crushed and cowardly rebels; and yet the necessities of policy forbid him to think of vengeance. Contrary to his own hopes and the confident prophesies of his admirers, the lapse of years has been far from favourable to the prosperity of the Bonaparte dynasty. The strength of the Emperor Napoleon's position is less assured to-day than it was in 1859 or 1866. What it may be next year few would be rash enough to predict.

Under these circumstances, it is not surprising that many should be disposed to see in the approaching meeting of the Emperors the inception of a new political scheme designed to counterbalance the too rapid growth of Prussian and Italian unity, to defeat at once the equally dreaded ideas of Bismarck and Mazzini. But we are bound to recollect that there are other singularly weighty reasons why this interview should take place. It is no part of a newly adopted plan. Early in the year it was

understood that the Emperor Francis Joseph, like the Czar, the King of Prussia, and the Sultan, was to accept French hospitality, for the purpose of taking a part in the grand pageant of the Exposition. Nobody then pretended to look on this contemplated visit as in any way significant. Then came, first in vague and flying rumours, afterwards in crushing detail, the miserable story of Maximilian's fate. We need not speak of the bitter anguish which this news must have caused the Austrian Emperor. He had been more or less than human if he had not felt for an instant something like hate and loathing while he remembered that the reckless ambition of Napoleon had done to death his noble brother. On the other hand shame and sorrow and unavailing remorse cannot but have disturbed the French Emperor and made him unwilling to meet the brother of Maximilian. It was felt surely on either side as a relief, that the decencies of mourning interfered to prevent the Austrian Court from taking part in the gaieties of Paris. But when the first feelings of pain and bitterness had worn away, it seemed, no doubt, right that no opportunity should be given to calumny — too much disposed already to insist on the alienation of France from Austria, and to talk of expiation for Maximilian's blood — for further dangerous innuendoes. Austria had favoured equally with France the fatal project of a Mexican empire; Francis Joseph himself had fostered his brother's unhappy ambition. Therefore, all the guilt could not justly be laid at the door of Napoleon. And setting personal considerations aside, every political motive impelled both parties to seem, if not to be, united. Last year to French intervention the Austrian monarch owed his exemption from the crowning ignominy of being hustled from his own capital by the soldiers of Prussia: he may need the like aid again. As for France, for all her wily policy she stands now as isolated in Europe as we do; she will not, cannot, scorn the meanest or the least honourable alliance. Since, then, it was impossible for Francis Joseph to accept the hospitality of the Tuileries, Napoleon III. was invited to Salzburg. There, on the western border of his now straitened dominion, among the invigorating breezes and the sublime scenery of the northern spurs of the Tyrolean Alps, the head of the Hapsburgs is passing the melancholy retirement of his mourning; and there he, with his stately and beautiful Empress, is to receive in a few days the French Emperor and Empress. It is not ascertained whether

the Imperial guests will be accompanied by any prominent French statesman, but it is distinctly stated, and though once contradicted has been generally believed, that Baron von Beust will be at Salzburg during the three days of the French visit. This, if true, certainly gives a political complexion to an otherwise unimportant occurrence.

Under constitutional governments the personal movements of royal personages are little regarded. It is assumed that they seldom influence, even indirectly, the current of political events. But the politics of despotisms are essentially personal, and, except where the ruler is a man of inferior intellect, must largely depend on his individual wishes and opinions. We need say nothing of Napoleon III.; his political capacity and his disposition to keep it in exercise, are acknowledged by everybody. Francis Joseph is not remarkable for ability; but he is industrious and intelligent, and has too much of the obstinacy of his family to remain long contented with being the puppet of any Minister. Notwithstanding, therefore, that in contemplation the visit to Salzburg has no political character, we think it highly improbable that it will terminate without acquiring something of the kind. The Emperors will be sure to discuss, with more or less candour, their position with regard to the other great Powers, and the chances of the further aggrandisement of Russia, Prussia, or Italy. It may be that the vague reports of a Russo-Prussian alliance will be thought of sufficient importance to suggest the natural countermove to such a combination, namely, an alliance between Austria and France. Whether Baron von Beust, who, though reactionary, is thoroughly German, would favour such a scheme may be doubted. Its ultimate, if not its avowed, object could only be to defeat as far as possible, the ends which last year's war had all but secured for Prussia; to hinder, perhaps to undo, the unification of Germany; and, by separating Italy from the Northern alliance, to violate her politically and reduce her practically to the condition of a French viceroyalty. We would not attempt to predict that such plans as these have even a likelihood of being adopted by the Emperors, but it is too much to say that they have no chance of being considered. The tendency both of Napoleonic and of Austrian diplomacy has been favourable to tortuous intrigues and intricate combinations. But whether adopted or not, we have no hesitation in saying that, either to the in-

terest of the Bonapartes or the Hapsburgs such an alliance as that hinted at could only be productive of ultimate misfortunes. To ally France with a cause predestined to ruin, and given over to internal and incurable maladies, would be for Napoleon the acme of political folly. From Austria, hampered by the independence and the suspicion of Hungary, he could rely on no valuable military support, while he would rekindle Italian jealousies, and cut off the moral aid that Liberalism, however unwillingly, has given to the general tenor of his foreign policy. For Francis Joseph the French alliance would be equally dangerous and equally useless. If it were worth anything, if it essayed to destroy German unity, so long desired, so hardly won, it would alienate from him every German heart. His hereditary States would seek by one impulse a refuge and a protection in the Confederation, of which Prussia is the head. He would be forced to look only for defence and shelter to his Hungarian kingdom, which loving Prussia little, loves France less, and might in the final disruption of the Austrian empire be tempted to cast aside the last vestige of foreign domination—the sovereignty of the Hapsburgs.

---

From The Month (Roman Catholic).

#### LIFE IN THE LANDES.

If we look at a map of the south-western corner of France, we shall probably be struck by the appearance of the line of coast which runs up from the point near Bayonne at which the Adour enters the Bay of Biscay to that which marks the limit of the estuary or gulf of the Gironde, where the Garonne, having passed Bordeaux, empties itself into the sea. This line of coast, which extends, to speak roughly, for about two degrees, is perfectly straight, and apparently unbroken save by the deep indenture of the Bassin d'Arcachon, which, rather more than halfway along its course as we glance northwards, receives the waters of Legre, the most considerable, as it would seem, of the streams in the intervening tract, and which is also conspicuous on our map as having on its banks the only place in the whole district of sufficient importance to be marked by letters larger than the very smallest—La Tête de Buch. This desolate line, along which some kind map-

makers write *dunes de sable*, "sand hills," is more than a third of the whole western coast of France, and would occupy about the space between Plymouth and Portsmouth on our own shores. All along its range, our map shows us a succession of lakes or pools not far from the sea into which such streams as it thinks worthy of record, are seen to empty themselves, without reaching the sea beyond. Desolation seems to extend far inland, for our worthy hydrographer has set down no names of towns, and very few even of small villages. and he has marked the tract in which they occur as marshy and uncultivated. Of the two departments into which this part of France is divided, this desert seems to occupy a good third of the most northerly — the far-famed Gironde, and more than half of the more southerly, the Landes. The name of this latter, indeed, is given in a general way to the tract of which we speak, which is known as *Le Pays des Landes*.

A very interesting monograph on this apparently most uninviting country has lately been published in the *Correspondant*, by Dr. Ozanam — brother, we believe, to the founder of the Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul. It is not our purpose at present to speak of all the topics so ably handled by Dr. Ozanam; we shall content ourselves with a few of the more prominent details. The size of the whole plain or plateau which goes by the name of Les Landes is about sixty leagues in length by twenty in breadth, where its breadth is greatest. The highest point in the whole is said not to be raised more than eighty metres above the sea-level; but there is a continuous backbone, as it were, along the whole length, which serves to shed the waters on one side towards the Bay of Biscay, on the other towards the Mediterranean. The aspect of the whole country is that of an ocean of sand — a small Sahara. It has its waves, frequently moved on by the strong western winds, changing the position of pools and marshes, and swallowing up habitations, and even small villages, in their perpetual shiftings. The sand is cast up by the sea at a rate which was calculated in the last century as of a million and a quarter of cubic metres every year. The winds have in the course of centuries driven it, as we have said, inland for twenty leagues or so. It rests, for the most part, on a curious sand-iron rock called *alioz*, which is found under it at the depth of about half a yard, except near the sea, where the sand is piled up sometimes to the height of a hundred yards. This *alioz*, though usually not

more than a few inches in thickness, is so firm and compact a rock as to be impervious to water, which is thus prevented from sinking into the soil below, and formed into endless shallow and shifting pools. The *alioz* also prevents the growth of any trees whose roots must go deep. The sandhills along the sea coast form the famous *dunes*. They extend as much as a league and a half in breadth all along the shore. The sand forms itself into mounds, the tops of which are blown to one side or to the other, according to the wind; but as the west wind seems to have it almost its own way along this part of the coast, the progress of the mass of sand is steadily eastwards. By comparing notes with ancient records, we are able to ascertain many instances of the disappearance of towns and villages under this sandy sea. Near the channel of Furnes there used to be seen the steeple of a church buried beneath the surface. Our Cornish readers will think at once of Perranzabuloe. In several places pine-trees are to be seen whose top branches alone are now above the sand, their trunks reaching sixty or eighty feet below it. At Mimizan a *dune* has swallowed up the church altogether. This place was once a port: it is now three or four miles from the sea. Other ports along the coast have disappeared altogether. In the fourteenth century the *dunes* turned the course of the Adour itself northwards for about twenty miles, and the port at its new mouth, Vieux Boucau, was of some note for four hundred years. In the seventeenth century Gaston de Foix cleared out the ancient mouth, and the river returned to it. Brémontier, whose name will be forever connected with the process of reclaiming this desolate tract, calculated, after long study, that the *dunes* advance on the land at the rate of about twenty yards a year. Taking this as his basis, and measuring their extent (in the last century), he found that they had been in motion for rather more than four thousand years. Deluc had obtained a like result by measuring the *dunes* of Holland. By calculating forwards, the startling conclusion has been obtained, that unless the sand is checked, it will reach Bourdeaux in two thousand years. The sand hills of Les Landes will then have joined those of L'Annis to the north of the Gironde, and these again will communicate with those of the coast of Finisterre, where they have gained as much as six leagues in two hundred years (near St. Pol de Léon). In time, perhaps, they may fill up the English Channel, and render useless the submarine railway between Calais and Dover.



Who live in the Landes? We shall mention presently some strange immigrants who have been attracted by the very desolation of the country: but it has its own thinly scattered and miserable population, and exposed to numberless privations and not a few diseases, and yet, like the Icelanders and even the Esquimaux, as fond of their native wilderness as if it were the richest and most genial country in the world. Habitations are found all over the tract, few and far between. The most characteristic classes of the inhabitants are those who live by extracting turpentine from the pines with which it is now attempted to clothe the face of the desert, and the shepherds who watch the flocks which browse upon the scanty herbage which springs up even upon the sand and around the marshes. These herdsfolk, indeed a great part of the population of all ages, sexes, and occupations, go about upon stilts, which save them from the trouble of plodding over the ever-sinking sand or floundering in the often concealed bog. The shepherds have a long balancing stick to aid them, and thus they manage to fix so as to form a sort of tripod with their stilts, and thus sit and rest in mid-air. They can shuffle along as fast as a horse can trot: before the railway was made, they used to take the letters at the rate of three leagues an hour. Dr. Ozanam gives some curious details of the manners, customs, and traditions of this strange race, over which we cannot linger. It is curious that more than two centuries ago a proposal was made which might possibly, if accepted, have materially altered the face of the country as well as the character of its inhabitants. It is said when the Moors were expelled from Spain in 1610, they offered to come and colonise the Landes. Their numbers were not far short of a million, and it would, we suppose, have been quite impossible to throw so large a number of new inhabitants into so desolate a district without the certain result that a great portion of them would perish, or be forced from sheer necessity to seek for support from the neighbouring provinces. The offer was declined, unless they would become Christians, and this condition they of course refused. A smaller colony might perhaps have effected gradually a great change. The Moors had done a great deal for agriculture in Spain; and their ingenuity might have hit on a plan for reclaiming the desert of the Landes. This was reserved for two or three private persons in the latter half of the last century.

It appears that in 1776 two brothers,

Louis Matthieu and Guillaume Desbiez, conceived the idea that the *dunes* might be fixed and then reclaimed if they were planted. A few years later, Brémontier, an engineer, found out that the maritime pine might be made to grow in the sand, and he began the work as far as his means allowed him. This pine seems in old times to have flourished on these shores: its roots stretch themselves in such a way as to grasp whatever support is to be found in the soil. They are moreover furnished with a resinous juice which prevents them from being injured by water. The revolution and the subsequent troubles of France seem to have adjourned to the days of Louis Philippe any energetic action on the part of the Government to carry out the plan of Brémontier: since that time a good deal of money has been spent, with much success, and only lately the Emperor set the example, which has been followed by many persons of large property, of buying an estate for purposes of plantation. There can be little doubt that if the whole of the *dunes* along the coast could at once be clothed with forests of pine, the Landes would be easily reclaimed for cultivation. But a long time must elapse before this planting can be accomplished, and in the mean time the encroachments must continue wherever the barrier has not been erected. It will often happen also, that spots on which the future forest is rising may be overwhelmed by some shifting wave of sand. Thus the battle is full of difficulty, though there seems a good prospect of ultimate success. The trees nearest the sea are stunted and miserable: the second line, however, has a better chance than the first against the sweep of the west wind, and when rank behind rank has been raised for the distance of some hundreds of yards from the shore the pines begin to be fine and flourishing. Besides the protection which they afford to the country behind them, they are themselves valuable on account of the resin which is gathered from them, which, if a fair average be taken, brings in a profit of about fifty francs a year for two hundred trees. Dr. Ozanam gives a good account of the process of tapping the trees, as also of the manifold usefulness of the pines in other ways. It appears that when ground can be got for cultivation, Indian corn succeeds very well: but the fact that this is too uniformly the food of the peasants of the Landes seems to render certain diseases prevalent among them. This and other causes of physical misery will no doubt disappear in proportion as the work of re-

claiming goes on. It must be remembered that the sands are not the only enemies of civilization in the country. The swamps and pools, though swarming with fish, and covered by wild fowl to an extent to make the mouth of a sportsman water, generate many diseases, especially as the dwellings of the inhabitants are poor and unhealthy. We must not include in the general charge the great Bassin d'Arcachon, which communicates with the sea, forming a deep bay about eighty miles in circumference. Large vessels cannot navigate it, but it is famous for oysters, as well as for its baths, and Dr. Ozanam speaks of the fairy appearance of its five or six miles of *chalets*, surrounded by flower-gardens, with immense forests of pine in the background. There on the summit of a *dune* near the village of La Tête de Buch, stands the monument of Brémontier, the benefactor of the whole country round. But the pools and lakes of which we are speaking do not by any means usually communicate with the sea. The great problem is how to drain them. As they are at some considerable height above high-water mark, they might be drained into the sea, but for the continual shifting of the sand hills through which the channels would have to pass. It is thought that a better plan would be to connect them one with another by a navigable canal, which should empty itself into the Adour, and, indeed, follow in a great measure the former bed of that river before Gaston de Foix restored its ancient mouth. The pine-forests, as they increase in extent, are found to drain the neighbouring marshes. But more immediate help must be sought from artificial means, such as the canalisation and embankment of the marshes, and the frequent sinking of Artesian wells, some of no great depth, to serve the purpose, in fact, of perpendicular drains, others reaching down to sources of pure water which might thus find its way into the swamps and turn them into healthy lakes. The malignant fevers which are now so common among the Landais would thus be almost exterminated.

One of the most famous shrines in the south-west of France is on a spot where once was one of the marshes of the Landes. A herdsman remarked one day that one of his cattle was plunged in a quagmire, and lowing loudly. He drove him out, but the next and the next day the animal went to the same spot, and attention was thus drawn to it. On digging out the place, an ancient statue of the Blessed Virgin was found. The marsh was drained, and a chapel erected to Notre Dame de Buglose.

This sanctuary became a place of pilgrimage. In the sixteenth century, a humble family whose surname was De Paul, living at a village named Pouy, not far off, was increased by the birth of a child destined to become famous in the annals of the Church and of France. They gave him the name of Vincent. Vincent de Paul often visited our Lady of Buglose. The house of his family is still preserved, and an old tree now stands near it under which he used to sit and watch his father's sheep. Of course a house of the Lazarist Fathers stands near, and due honour is done to the birthplace of the best known of modern French Saints. His family still remains: some of its children are at the school kept by the Lazarist Fathers. His spirit of charity and simplicity, as we shall now see, has also lingered about the neighborhood, and given rise to one of the most beautiful features in the new state of the Landes.

About twenty years ago, a severe winter, an unusual and therefore trying calamity, weighed heavily upon the poor of Bayonne. Many poor children were orphaned or abandoned in the streets, and some of them attracted the charity of a good Vicair, the Abbé Cestac, who took them in as well as he could and got his sister to take charge of them. A deserted kitchen was the first asylum in which he placed them: after some time, the Maire gave up to him an old house in a cemetery, which no one would buy or rent on account of its position. When this was full, as he thought, the good Abbé was applied to by outcasts of another class. A poor woman who had led a life of sin came to beg him to take care of her. She had no wish but to do penance for her former misdeeds. He had nothing to offer her, but he remembered suddenly a trap-door in the ceiling of one of the rooms in his new house, and bethought him that there must be a loft above it. He got a ladder for forty sous, and there installed his penitent, who was soon joined by two or three more like herself. The good sister of the Abbé Cestac, who had before devoted herself to the children, now became the companion and directress of these Magdalenes. They lived a life of great mortification in their loft, which was not weather-tight, and their numbers soon increased. The work became known, and a pious gentleman of Bayonne built a house in the town to hold forty penitents, and presented it to the Abbé. But, just as he was about to enter on possession, he found himself checked. He had always been accustomed to an intense

devotion to our Blessed Lady, and to consider her as the Mother of his children and penitents. Suddenly he was possessed, he did not know or he did not say how, by the clear and inevitable conviction that the house in the town was not the place where his Mother wished her penitents to be placed. There was nothing for it but to thank his benefactor, and return him the keys of the house. What was now to be done? He was warned, in the same extraordinary manner, that he was not to ask any one for any assistance in money, and that he was not to receive any orphans or penitents for whom any payment was offered. They must go elsewhere. He had great faith in his "Mother," and he went on looking about him for a new place for his large family. One day he was visiting an old invalid gentleman a few miles from Bayonne, when his host asked him what was the matter? His look showed him to be occupied by some great care. The whole story soon came out, and the old gentleman informed him that there was a farm close by which no one seemed inclined to buy or take for hire, and which might be had for a mere nothing. But the "mere nothing" turned out on inquiry to be forty thousand francs: and the good priest turned away, wishing his friend good-morning. But the gentleman, who had not walked for months, insisted on taking him to the place. They strolled through the rooms, the Abbé taking little notice of any thing, till his eye fell on a picture of St. Mary Magdalene, which produced an immense impression on him. He immediately undertook to buy the house and land around it, and to sign the contract on the next Saturday. It was then Tuesday, and he had not a farthing of the purchase-money ready. After he had fixed the day, he hesitated, and felt himself interiorly reprimanded. On his return to Bayonne, he found his notary too ill to be seen; but he bade him confidently be well by the Saturday. The contract was signed — and the money came in.

The remainder of the history of the foundations of the Abbé Cestac, which lies before us in a paper chiefly taken down from his own lips, is of the same simple and touching character, reminding us of the prodigies which have so often taken place in the beginnings of great works of Christian charity. One of the rules laid down for him, to test his perfect and absolute confidence in our Blessed Lady's patronage of the work he had in hand, was, as we have seen, that he was not to ask for assistance in

the way of funds. This was extended so far, that when he made a pilgrimage to Notre Dame de Buglose, — at which place he received great consolation, on finding the statue of our Blessed Lady placed between those of his two patrons, St. Vincent de Paul and St. Mary Magdalene, — he was told not even to pray to our Lady for the money which he wanted so much, as it was her business to provide it. Since the day when he made the venture of which we have just spoken, he has never wanted for money, although there have been times when his faith has seemed to be sorely tried. Once he was much beset by a creditor to whom he owed three hundred francs, and who actually threw himself in his way as he went from the sacristy to the altar to celebrate Mass. The money was brought to him in a mysterious manner by a lady who knocked abruptly at the door of his confessional, saying that she and her husband had promised five hundred francs for some charitable purpose if their prayers were heard for a special object, and that the object had now been attained. Another time, the Abbé Cestac was in great need of a larger sum — three thousand francs. He remembered that he knew an old lady at Biarritz, very rich and very charitable, and at that time on her death bed. He resolved to write to her, and beg the required sum. He wrote three letters, one after another, and each time found that what he had written was almost nonsense. Then he remembered the injunction, and gave up his plan of asking for the money. A fortnight later, the lady died. She had assembled her relations, and told them what she possessed, that she had not specified any particular object, but hoped that they would make a good use of the inheritance. One thing alone, she said, she wished to mention — she desired that, when she was dead, three thousand francs might be sent in secret to the Abbé Cestac.

The present state of the *œuvre* of this good priest seems to be as follows. It appears that even before the beginning of his Orphanage, he had projected an active Congregation of women, called *Servantes de Marie*, one of whose occupations is the education and training of the country poor.\*

\* The manner in which this work came to be taken up is striking, and is thus related by a late visitor: "A lady from Pau was very anxious that they should do so, and spoke to the Abbé about it. He answered that he would be glad that they should do so, but that a permission from government must be obtained first. The lady, who had some business of her own to do in Paris, said she would make it her special object to see and speak to the Minister of Public Instruction; and she

Of these his sister, already mentioned, was one. They have charge of the Orphanage, which is near Bayonne, besides their general work. The Congregation possesses several houses in different parts of France. The penitents were separated from the orphans, and placed on the farm obtained in the manner already mentioned. They do the farm and gardening-work themselves, and make a great quantity of butter, which is sold in the neighbouring towns. Besides this means of support, they make a peculiar kind of white embroidery, and other beautiful needlework, which is sold on the spot, and has now become so famous that orders come to them for it from all parts of France. But the orphanage and the establishment of the Servantes de Marie, who guide the penitents, are not the only communities under the rule of the Abbé Cestac. A chance which led him to send two or three of his penitents to the help of a labourer who was dying in a cabin in the heart of the Landes, caused the foundation of another establishment.

We extract the account of this incident from a letter which has been placed at our disposal:

"One year in winter some of the penitents were gathering sticks blown over the sand from a neighboring pine-wood and also brought by the sea, when they heard some one moaning. They followed the sound, and found in a miserable cottage a poor old man very ill, and they immediately returned to their home and told the Servantes de Marie about him. Some of them went to see him, and took complete charge of him, nursing him and bringing him food. One day the old man said to the sister who came to see him: 'My good sister, would it not be much better for me, and also save you a great deal of trouble, if you would take me to your own home, instead of your coming backwards and forwards every day?' The sister repeated the old man's words to the 'Bon Père,' as they call the Abbé, and he said, 'Bien, qu'il vienne.' And so he was brought and taken care of. After some little time the old man said, 'Now you have taken such care of me, I am very comfortable and very grateful.

prayed that if only one of these two objects of her journey should succeed, it might be the one about the sisters teaching, and not her own. She did all she could to obtain the consent of government, but met with a decided refusal. Still she did not give up all hope, but wrote to the Abbé that she had not been able to succeed, and that he himself must come to Paris, and that she was sure he would succeed. The Abbé answered: 'Very well; I have no objection to go to Paris for this cause; but I must first get the Bishop's permission.' He therefore went to Bayonne, and got the Bishop's sanction. But just when he had every thing ready to start, the interior voice said to him, 'No you must not go.' He wrote directly to the kind lady who had taken such an interest in the question, to say that he could not come. She was very much displeased,

But you see I have a garden, in which I grow a number of things; but I have not been able to cultivate it this year, and if nothing is put in it, nothing can be reaped. Could you not cultivate my garden?' So the sister went to the Bon Père, and told him the poor man's request, and again he said, 'Bien, cultivez son jardin.' So several penitents were sent to cultivate the little garden in the sandy desert. While there they were so struck by the utter silence and loneliness of the place, that they resolved to adopt that same spirit, and work in perfect silence, raising their hearts to God and communing only with him. They felt so happy, that they wished never to abandon this life; but the Servante de Marie who had the charge of them said, 'Dear children, this is very delightful; but remember we are not acting under obedience; we must ask our Bon Père's permission.' They told the Abbé what they had been doing, and how happy they felt in that solitude and silence. He was very much struck by their account, and gave them leave to live on in that way, and to construct themselves huts of straw and wood for each one to live by herself. He did, however, order them to speak to each other on Sundays; he thought the perpetual silence might be a too great strain upon them. So for some time they went on speaking on Sundays; but they then came to the Abbé and implored him to let their silence be perpetual, except at confession, when reciting their office, and when spoken to by a Servante de Marie. And so it is going on now. We were there the other morning before eight o'clock; the only sounds to be heard were the rolling and splashing of the waves and the singing of the nightingales."

The penitents were associated to a community of Bernardines — female Trappists, who live a life of perfect solitude and prayer. They built themselves a row of huts of reed, with no floor but the sand, each large enough for a bed and a stool, and with no light but through the door. A chapel rather larger, but of the same materials, completed the establishment. The Bernardines, who now number about fifty, have at this moment nine or ten of Abbé Cestac's penitents among them: the rest have found their vocation in the usual way. After some years

and even angry with him, and reproached him bitterly with the failure of the whole scheme. She wrote a very angry letter on the subject to her husband at Pau, and addressed the letter simply, 'Mons. —, Pau.' Pau, by chance, was written so that it was taken for Paris. The letter was at last taken to the general bureau for dead letters and opened. The director, seeing of what it treated, sent it to the Minister of Public Instruction. He read and re-read the letter, and was so struck by its contents, that he enclosed it to the writer, telling her that he well knew the letter was not intended for him, and that for all that he could not help reading it over again; and that he was now ready to grant her request, and to sanction the teaching of poor schools by the Servantes de Marie."

the rickety dwellings they had constructed were given up, as the inmates suffered much from rheumatism and chest complaints. Their huts and chapel\* are now built of brick, and have wooden floors: the refectory in which they meet for meals retains its floor of sand. They work at gardening and field-labor when they are strong enough: others spend their time in the embroidery just now mentioned. The aggregate numbers of the members of all these communities amounts to about five hundred.

Thus, in more senses than one, old times are returning in the Pays des Landes. The pine was formerly cultivated along the coast, and no doubt gave protection to the towns and villages which used to exist in what is now a desert. The spirit of the humble shepherd boy, Vincent de Paul, is working still, not only in his own spiritual children, but in the patient development of new works of piety and charity set on foot by simple servants of God of a character kindred to his. And the desert is once more blossoming as the rose, in the highest sense of that fruitful prophecy, not only in the advance made by material civilisation on its wastes, but in the holy lives and ceaseless prayers of solitaries and penitents, like those who in earlier centuries made the deserts of Egypt the glory and the bulwark of the Christian Church.

From the London Review, 10 Aug.

#### SHOOTING NIAGARA.

THERE are few men who have reached thirty years of life, who cannot look back with pleasure upon the time when they first

\*The chapel has one great ornament—a very touching statue of our Lady of Sorrows, to whom it is dedicated. There is a curious story about this statue. "Some fifteen years ago a nun, who had been Superioress of a convent in Spain, was expelled from that country, as so many religious have been. She came to Biarritz to spend a few days in a sort of retreat at the refuge. She was so delighted with all she had seen, that she said to the Abbé on leaving, 'I will send you a statue of the Blessed Virgin.' And some time after there arrived an enormous case containing this beautiful statue. It was so large that they had no proper place to put it. So I think it was kept in the box for three years. The Abbé was most anxious to thank the nun who had sent him the statue: but he did not even know in what country she was; he only knew her name in religion. About that time the Abbé had to go to Madrid to found a house of Servantes de Marie. He was driving about the town, when seeing a large building he had not noticed before, he asked the driver what it was, and he named a convent of the same order to which the nun had belonged who had

read the writings of Mr. Carlyle. To the young—to those just entering upon life, which stretched before them with its vast expanse, a peculiar charm was felt in Mr. Carlyle's writings. The gleams of humour, the snatches of eloquence, the passionate earnestness of the preacher, stirred vague feelings. But Mr. Carlyle's writings have done even more than this. He has raised up a transcendental school. Its most prominent disciples are Mr. Froude, Mr. Ruskin, Mr. Kingsley, and the author of "Guy Livingstone." Mr. Froude's Henry VIII. would probably never have existed had not Mr. Carlyle's Cromwell been already painted. Mr. Ruskin's views on political economy are taken straight from the pages of the denouncer of Bentham. Mr. Kingsley's "Hereward" is a Carlylean ideal, while Mr. Lawrence marks the decadence of Carlyleism in its worst and most material form. Mr. Carlyle has certainly made his mark upon the literature of the day. It is quite true that his worshippers are men of a weak, poetical kind of mind. In spite of all Mr. Froude's vague declamations about his hero, in spite of Mr. Ruskin's political economy, in spite of Mr. Kingsley's giant muscles, the laws of evidence are not altered,—Adam Smith is not displaced, and the biceps muscle is not considered as a proof of honor and integrity. On the other hand, however, Mr. Carlyle has found himself more and more in direct antagonism with the practice of the day. Whilst he and his followers have been preaching transcendentalism, the world has been acting more and more upon utilitarian principles. Whilst he has been advocating Toryism, the world has been accepting Liberalism. The more he and his followers have preached idealism, the faster has an exactly opposite school risen.

And proportionately as these changes of

given him the statue. He told the man to stop; got out, and asked if he could see the Superioress of the house. After some little time he was admitted, and at once entered on the subject, and asked the Superioress if she could tell him where such a nun now was, naming the one who had visited the Refuge; and he told her the story of the statue. The Superioress looked at him with so much astonishment and curiosity that he said, 'But, Rev. Mother, what are you looking so at me for?' 'So it is you who have our statue—our beloved statue of the Blessed Virgin.' And then she told him how one day this nun, who was the Mother-General, came to her in haste, and said, 'Dear Mother, I have come to ask a great sacrifice of you.' 'We are ready to do with joy any thing you ask of us.' 'I want you to give me your statue of our Lady of the Seven Dolours, which I mean to send to some other place.' 'Of course we consented, and gave it; but it was the greatest sacrifice she could have asked of us. That statue was our delight; in all our troubles we fled to it; and now you have got it.'"



opinion have taken place, so have Mr. Carlyle's utterances become wilder and more spasmodic. Each new book that he has published has still more and more shown a mind undisciplined—has revealed more and more and more in growing ugliness the results of unbridled license. Of late years he has taken no pains to conceal his contempt for the great body of his fellow-creatures. He has couched his thoughts, too, in a jargon which reminds us more of the language of Brownings's Spanish monk than of anybody else:—

"Blasted lay that rose-acacia  
We're so proud of. Hy, Zy, Hine!  
'St! there's vespers. Plenā gratiā.  
Ave Virgo! Gr-r-r you swine!"

And "Gr-r-r you swine!" has for the last twenty years been Mr. Carlyle's burden. He has not hesitated in his "Frederick the Great" to denounce this fair earth as "a rotten dunghheap of a world." He proclaims in his discourses on the negro question, that there is only one remedy for man—"a collar round his neck, and a cartwhip over his back."

Knowing all this, we are not at all surprised at Mr. Carlyle's last utterance in *Macmillan's Magazine*, "Shooting Niagara: and After?" We should have been much surprised had it been anything different to what it is. The man who has consistently all his life admired the doctrine of Force, is not so much likely to be convinced of his error, as to raise a fresh scream at the spectacle of a great nation fast progressing to self-government. The man who latterly seems only to have felt any remorse when he remembered that white men cannot be sold and treated like slaves, is not likely to be touched by the thought of enfranchisement. The moral decrepitude of Mr. Carlyle's later writings has prevented us from even hoping that any such change could take place. Mr. Carlyle's latest utterance is nothing more than an echo of what he has said twenty times before. There are thoughts in his "Shooting Niagara" which correspond nearly word for word with others in his "Discourse on the Nigger Question." And yet it would be unjust to say there is nothing new. The very first sentence shows us that there is a new hero yet to take his place in the Carlyleian Walhalla. Mr. Carlyle begins his paper with—"There probably never was since the Heptarchy ended, or almost since it began, so hugely critical an epoch in the history of England as this, . . . in which with no Norman invasion now ahead, to lay hold of it, to

bridle and regulate it for us, and guide it into higher and wider regions, the question of utter death or of nobler life for the poor Country was so uncertain." Here is a chance for the Froudes and the Kingsleys. William the Bastard, as he called himself, is now to be whitewashed. The man who plundered our fathers, who strove to his utmost to extirpate our language, because he could not understand it,—the man who made killing a red deer of greater importance than killing a fellow-creature, is to be the new saint in the English hagiology. This, however, by the way. It is with the main question that we are most interested. And here we are not quite without some guidance whether utter death or a nobler new life is reserved for England. The trade of prophecy is rather dangerous. Mr. Carlyle, however, cannot object if we judge his present prophecy by his previous performances in the same line. We have some recollection of the dismal vaticinations which he uttered seventeen years ago in his "Latter Day Pamphlets." Not one of them, however, has come true. Anarchy has not yet overtaken us, and England still pays her dividends. The nation has gone on its own way. The remedies of the "Latter-Day Pamphlets" were unregarded, and its prophecies are still unfulfilled. We must therefore be pardoned if we refuse to be credulous both as to Mr. Carlyle's prophecies and remedies, especially when we discover that they are exactly the same kind which he offered us nearly twenty years ago. We become weary, too, with having the same tale told us, especially when all practice negatives its truth. Bitter invectives against "self-government," caustic homilies upon liberty of conscience, loud tirades against Free-trade and Bentham, can now only be looked upon as literary curiosities. The words fall upon us meaningless. They are full of sound and fury, but signify nothing. To read such sentences in "Shooting Niagara" as "the fool of a world," "the Almighty Maker has appointed the nigger to be a servant," "servantship must become a contract of permanency," simply creates a smile. Our answer is not given by words, but by an appeal to facts. The world is certainly not so foolish as it was. Even in the short lifetime of a single man much improvement is visible. Much to soothe man's sorrow, much to increase his joys, has been wrought, even within Mr. Carlyle's own memory. Since the first Reform Bill passed, England may almost said to be another and a better land. We are no optimists. We know too well by the very condition of

things that life must have is shadows as well at its sunshine. Speaking broadly, however, we affirm that the condition of all men has improved during the present half-century. Justice, however much it may miscarry, is administered more fairly than ever it has been. The hand of charity — not indiscriminate, but thoughtful — has never been so open. Museums, reading-rooms, mechanics' institutes, and hospitals have been built for the poor. Gardens are thrown open to the public. New schools are daily being opened, and lectures given. The material requirements and pleasures of life are cheaper and better than they ever have been. The poor are better clothed and better fed than at any other period of our English history. Science, too, has wrought no less benefits than trade. The middle classes can now take their holiday, and visit the Continent, and the artisan by excursion trains can leave the workshop, and see something of his own land. There is, of course, a dark side to all this. Material wealth brings with it new dangers. The workman may spend his wages in drink and vice, and the servant-girl deck herself out in sham jewellery. But the darker side is daily becoming less dark, whilst the brighter side grows more bright. If Mr. Carlyle will see only the shadow, we cannot help it. We ourselves prefer to look at the substance. As for Mr. Carlyle's remedies, they have already been tried. There was a day when both black and white men were slaves. The experiment, however, of feudalism is over. No return to it is now possible. In vain Mr. Carlyle may preach his homilies. It is neither in his nor in any man's power to reverse the present order of things. He might have done much good, but instead, he has preferred to do what little harm was possible. He has made, as we have said, some mark on the literature of the day, but none on the real work of the age. He has sat still in his study and cursed progress, whilst others have borne the heat and burden of the day. But the fault, perhaps, after all lies in Mr. Carlyle's peculiar temperament. He is too much in a hurry to reach the Golden Age. Because he cannot find it ready made, he will manufacture Utopia. We, on the other hand, believe that all good comes slowly. Nothing which is done quickly is worth much. It is a long cry to Loch Awe. Because man is not suddenly transformed into an angel, we do not despair. There is a reverse to the "Nemo repente fuit turpissimus." A man's lifetime is but a short period in the history of the world. Stand on the shore for a moment, and you cannot

tell whether the waters gain or lose. We commit the task of improvement to time, which is more powerful than the brief three-score and ten years of man. And as to the moral of Mr. Carlyle's paper, we say emphatically this — it is better that Niagara should plunge over the falls headlong, than that it should be dammed up with artificial barriers; for in the one case it reaches its natural channel, but in the other it would only burst its bounds and destroy all within its reach.

From the Saturday Review.

### THREE ENGLISH STATESMEN.\*

WHILE Mr. Goldwin Smith's new volume is too historical to satisfy the ardent politician, and too political to add much to history, it is, as we might expect from its author, a work which neither historian nor politician can safely afford to neglect. For the first, indeed, there is the masterly sketch of Cromwell, of which we shall have more to say hereafter. But, besides this, there shine throughout the book those nobler moral qualities which still, as of old, raise their possessor high above the sentiment of Mr. Froude or the "middle-class philistinism" (if we may borrow Mr. Arnold's phrase) of Lord Macaulay. It is a merit never greater than in our own days when an historian can steer his way across themes such as those which Mr. Goldwin Smith treats of here without swerving into a hero-worship that ends in imperialism, or a blind horror of revolutions that sinks into a conservatism of fear. It is hardly less a merit that, from beginning to end of these lectures, there is none of that moral cowardice which is sapping nowadays, in many who claim the name of Liberals, all vivid enthusiasm for what a true Liberalism holds dear. Religion, freedom, a faith in England and in Englishmen, are still enthusiasms with Mr. Goldwin Smith. For the politician, however, there is a topic of somewhat more novelty than this; for, on their political side, these lectures reflect the sentiments of a class of thinkers on statesmanship whose views, familiar as they may be in a purely literary sense, have never yet found formal expression in Parliament. They can hardly be excluded now. Whatever else Reform may effect, it is almost certain that it will

\* *Three English Statesmen; Pym, Cromwell, and Pitt; a Course of Lectures on the Political History of England.* By Goldwin Smith. London: Macmillan & Co. 1867.

sweep into St. Stephen's, if not Mr. Goldwin Smith, at any rate many whose thoughts are his thoughts. Whoever the men may be they will bring their special questions into Parliament with them—questions very different from those which have hitherto penetrated into the presence of the Speaker. Parliament will have to discuss, and England herself through Parliament, will have to discuss, not merely the reversal of our foreign policy in East and West alike, or the reduction of our forces, or the destruction of the aristocratic character of our army, but questions which as yet statesmen have been able to pooh-pooh, while the mere stirring of them will be certain to send shuddering and bitterness through the land—namely, the best means of dispensing with party government, the abolition of a State Church and an hereditary Peerage, the compatibility of an hereditary Sovereign with free institutions. We are, of course, far from expressing any opinion here upon points such as these; but these lectures, considered simply as expressions of the political thought of a man who is, after all, but the type of a class of thinkers that Reform is fated to bring into practical contact with politics, are quite enough to prove that political problems of a wholly new and far deeper sort than of old are destined to force themselves on the attention of English statesmen.

It is perhaps to the consciousness of this aspect of the policy which he advocates that we owe the selection of the three particular statesmen who form the subjects of Mr. Goldwin Smith's addresses. The choice may indeed have been simply an accidental one, for it is a characteristic of our history that, differ as one period may in form from another the differences are slight in face of the real identity; so that, as a string on which to hang political observations which shall at once be true of the past and applicable to the present, one statesman's life is pretty nearly as good as another's. But certainly, if the title of Mr. Goldwin Smith's book ran, as it might not inappropriately have done, "English Statesmen face to face with a Revolution," we can conceive no better instances of the type of statesmanship which guides or which drifts than the characters of Pym and of the younger Pitt. Pym is, worthily enough, the lecturer's ideal of an English statesman. Not that much is added here to the known facts of his life, or to the impressions which Mr. Forster's researches gave us long ago of the man; but his very name points the moral which runs throughout the book:—"Let us never glorify revolution; statesmanship

is the art of avoiding it, and of making progress at once continuous and calm." But Pym did more than this; he impressed a continuity and calm on the very Revolution itself. So long as the great statesman lived, the most radical changes were linked together by one consistent policy into unity with the traditional progress and liberty of the English people. His lavish reference to precedent, his abstinence from new principles, were so many bridges of gold over which the general opinion of the bulk of men about him passed without a shock from one state of things to another. In one point only did Pym avowedly pour a new spirit into the politics of his time, and we regret that this lecture passes so lightly over what, after all, was the distinguishing feature of his policy. The ideal notion of a religious commonwealth, of a State bound together by its common loyalty to a divine law, however Royalists jeered at it and Fifth-Monarchy men perverted it in after years, was laid down by Pym as the basis of his statesmanship with incomparable clearness and eloquence. The noblest State paper we know is the letter—undoubtedly of Pym's composition—which was addressed by the Parliament to the garrison and citizens of Hull at the very outset of the war. With Charles already demanding at the gates "the keys of his own town," Pym points out that the true voice of the King is to be heard only as expressed in the voice of his Parliament, and that true loyalty lies in obedience, not to the King alone, but to that law which is at once the judgment of the King and the estates of the realm. But from the law of the land he does not scruple to pass at once to a higher law which to his eyes was guiding both King and people; "remember that ye are called into great things" is the text of an appeal to their consciousness of a right above all mere constitutional precedent which would, no doubt, be sneered down as theoretical by doctrinaires, but which turned out to be practical enough in the hands of the most practical of English statesmen. It is just this poetic, this creative side of Pym's genius, in the appreciation of which we think the lecture most deficient; but his purely constitutional side is exhibited with a rare ability, and the sketch concludes with a description of Pym's end, the simple grandeur of whose pathos is well worthy of its theme:—

Work tells upon the sensitive organization of men of genius. Pym had been working, as the preacher of his funeral sermon tells us, from

three in the morning till evening, and from evening again till midnight. He must have borne a crushing weight of anxiety besides. The loathsome fables invented by the royalists are not needed to account for the failure of his health. He met his end, if we may trust the report of his friends, with perfect calmness. At the last, we are told, he fell into a swoon, and when he recovered his consciousness, seeing his friends weeping round him, he told them that he had looked death in the face, and therefore feared not the worst he could do: added some words of religious hope and comfort, and, while a minister was praying with him, quietly slept with God. Funeral sermons are not history. No character is flawless, least of all the characters of men who lead in violent times. But if the cause of English liberty was a good cause, Pym's conscience, so far as we can see, might well bid him turn calmly to his rest.

It was just the want of this ideal and creative side, as it seems to us, which so completely unfitted the mind of the younger Pitt for dealing with the great Revolution which burst suddenly on him in the midst of his political career. We are far indeed from thinking that Mr. Goldwin Smith has done Pitt justice in denying him all creative faculty, and painting him rather as a clever administrator, successful in sunny weather, but wrecked easily enough in a storm. His failure was surely attributable, not to the want of a distinct conception of politics, but to the narrowness, the "strictly practical" character, of the conception he had formed. One can hardly deny that Pitt was a creative statesman in a measure; that he created middle-class government; that his economic reforms, his new type of political character, his conception of a new policy of peace, differing from Walpole's in being an international policy, all tended to this result. The very fault of Pitt indeed in his statesmanship appears to have been this predominance of the originaive faculty. His policy derived both its strength and its weakness from being his own, from being strangely ahead of the thoughts either of his followers or his foes. Even as a peace-Minister his failures showed the gulf between the leader and the men he led; it was in vain that he advocated Parliamentary Reform, Roman Catholic Emancipation, the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, the commutation of tithe-payments in Ireland. Where he did succeed, it was sometimes—as in his origination of colonial independence through the Parliament of Canada—simply owing to the mere ignorance of his contemporaries as to his drift. It was this singular severance from the current facts of the politics

about him that wrecked his career in the great struggle with the Revolution. His mind was of the philosophic class; it could look with a remarkable prescience into the future, supposing that that future moved in a groove similar to the groove in which the present was moving. It was the leap of the world out of its groove that made the prescience of Pitt useless. His old conception of politics was rudely upset, and events followed too fast to give him time for the reflection which was needful to form a new one. Every mail brought a fresh revolution, and every revolution fresh complications and crushing administrative work. A lesser man would have done better, as on his death the Hawkesburys and Castlereags did do better; for if affairs are to be conducted without a policy they can be conducted only by the mere administrator, the man of ready shifts and fertile in expedients, who can at any rate fence deftly enough to gain time till the revolution is spent. And so Pitt died broken-hearted, and Waterloo crowned Lord Liverpool with its laurel-wreath.

Of the two sketches from the Great Rebellion, Mr. Goldwin Smith has evidently thrown all his affection and real admiration into that of Pym, but he has thrown his power into Cromwell. The greatness of his subject lifts him in this one lecture wholly out of the region of contemporary politics. We have left ourselves no space to comment on the remarkable sketch of the Protector's policy which is given here; we can only point out the clearness with which his conception of constitutional rule is shown to have been exhibited in the famous Instrument of Government under whose condition, he accepted the office of Lord Protector. According to this provisional constitution—a scheme of Cromwell's own making—the elective ruler shared his power with a permanent Council of State, chosen by the successive section of the Parliament, the existing Council, and the Protector. In the intervals between one meeting of Parliament and another, the power even over the army was to be shared between the two. But Parliament must be convoked every three years, or immediately on any apprehension of war, and in it alone, thus convoked, all power of legislation and taxation is vested. "The organic legislation of Cromwell's time may still," says Mr. Goldwin Smith, "deserve the consideration of constitutional reformers if the nation should ever desire to emancipate itself from the government of party." Not less remarkable is the light

which the lecture throws on the peculiar grandeur of Cromwell's toleration. "To save free conscience" was a desire not less passionate in the lowest Independent trooper than in the Lord Protector. What was simply his own was that, while bound as tightly as they in the thralldom of dogmatic exclusiveness, his theories yielded at a touch to the instinct of tolerance, even in cases where his Ironsides were as bitter as Melville or Laud. He protected the Quaker, he freed the Socinian, he strove for the readmission of the Jews, he put an end to the persecution of Roman Catholic priests. "It was in this matter of freedom of conscience," sums up the lecturer, "that the man was most before his age." With a final quotation, however, we must part from the one picture of the Protector before which we can stand, reverent of a greatness seldom seen among men, but not brutalized into hero-worship :—

To whatever age they belong [the lecturer says], the greatest, the most godlike of men are men, not Gods. They are the offspring, though the highest offspring, of their age; they would be nothing without their fellow men. Did Cromwell escape the intoxication of power which has turned the brain of other favourites of fortune, and bear himself always as one who held the government as a trust from God? It was because he was one of a religious people. Did he amidst the temptations of arbitrary rule preserve his reverence for law, and his design to reign under it? It was because he was one of a law-loving people. Did he in spite of fearful provocations show on the whole remarkable humanity? It was because he was one of a brave and humane people. A somewhat larger share of the common qualities—this, and this alone it was which, circumstances calling him to a great trust, had raised him above his fellows. The impulse which lent vigour and splendour to his government came from a great movement, not from a single man. The Protectorate with all its glories was not the conception of a lonely intellect, but the revolutionary energy of a mighty nation concentrated in a single chief

We regret to notice this week the death of Mrs. Austin, probably the best translator from German into English ever known in literature. She had a faculty quite special to herself of making Germans talk as they do talk, and yet as they would have talked had they thought in English. She will be greatly missed by a large circle of friends, for whom for years she held a salon which in some years approached the best French examples. — *Spectator*.

From the Spectator.

#### DEAN RAMSAY ON SCOTTISH HUMOUR.\*

SOME people, were they told that a book had been written about the humour of the Scotch, would answer—in sublime forgetfulness of Sir Walter and of Robert Burns—"Scottish humour! There is no such thing as humour in Scotland." The feeling, we believe, that would prompt such a remark is shared by thousands of Englishmen, though they would not acknowledge it so broadly. For it is rather the fashion to consider Scotchmen as plodding beings—dull, good fellows—who work hard and drink whisky six days of the week, and on the seventh drink whisky and listen to discourses on predestination and justification by faith. But, in truth, the Scotch have a humour of their own, a humour eminently national; and, as Dean Ramsay says in the preface to the book which suggests our observations, the characteristic peculiarities of the Scottish people are indicated in a very marked manner by Scottish anecdotes. Scottish humour is far removed from the rich merriment of the Irish, from the genial satire of which we are so fond in England, from the brilliant epigrams of the French, and from the cruel, quiet wit with which an Italian will barb the arrows of his speech. Perhaps, its special characteristic is shrewdness. Sometimes a quick sense of humour induces shrewdness (indeed, the former is rarely possessed without the latter); but in the Scotch character, we are inclined to think, it is the shrewdness that induces the humour. A Scotchman is nothing, if not "canny."

The object of the Dean of Edinburgh's most popular work has not been to string together mere funny stories, or to collect amusing anecdotes. "The object of these pages," he says, "has been throughout to illustrate Scottish life and character by bringing forward those modes and forms of expression by which alone our national peculiarities can be illustrated and explained." Besides Scottish replies and expressions which are most characteristic—and which the Dean, with pardonable impartiality, considers "unique for dry humour"—he has entered upon the question of dialect and proverbs. He reminds us that some years back the Scottish tongue existed almost as a separate language; and he says it has a force and beauty of phrase—

\* *Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character*. By E. B. Ramsay, Dean of Edinburgh. Edmonston and Douglas. Fourteenth edition.



ology, considered merely as phraseology, peculiar to itself. He remarks, for example, that the Scottish dialects are peculiarly rich in terms of endearment, more so than the pure Anglican. Now, an Englishman would imagine that the "love," "dear," "darling," and "sweet" of his own mother tongue expressed quite as much as he would care to put into any words at all; but the Scotchman, being (if we are to believe Dean Ramsay) of a more gushing disposition, has recourse, in his moments of effusion, to "my dawtie," one who is *dawtied*, i.e., fondled or caressed; "my winsome;" "my wee thing;" and even "my winsome marrow," the last word signifying a dear companion, one of a pair closely allied to each other. There must, argues the Dean, be a stronger current of tenderness in a Scottish heart than we have been inclined to fancy, for such terms to exist. There could not be such terms, were the feelings they expressed unknown.

And yet, we would venture to remark, there must be a certain hardness in the Scotch character, even in *good* — Scotch character — for we are not talking of bad people — if all the Dean's stories are true, and we do not for an instant doubt their truth. It is well that the North Britons have those tender words before mentioned, as some set-off against the hardness of certain of their deeds. In his chapter on "Religious Feelings and Religious Observances," the industrious compiler of *Scottish Reminiscences* tells this story: — A lady of ancient Scottish family, accustomed to visit her poor dependents, called on an excellent woman to condole with her on the death of her nephew, with whom she had lived, and whose loss must have been severely felt by her. The lady remarked, "What a nice white cap you have got on, Margaret." "Indeed, mem, ay, sae it is; for ye sae the gude lad's winding-sheet was ower lang, and I cut aff as muckle as made twa bonny caps."

In his chapter on "Convivial Habits," we find the following, which is worse: — "At a prolonged drinking bout, at which the gentlemen of the country-side were present, one of the party remarked, 'What gars the laird of Garskadden luk sae gash?' \* "Ou!" says his neighbour, the laird of Kilmardinny, "Garskadden's been wi' his Maker these twa hours; I saw him step awa, but I didna like to disturb gude company."

The national pride — justifiable, yet

amusing — is shown by a story of a conversation between an old Scotchman and an Englishman with a mania for everything Scotch. The conversation took place at a German bath — perhaps Ems, perhaps Hombourg — and the Englishman, who had been boasting of Bannockburn, and saying Burns was the greatest of all possible poets, took his leave with, "Well, Sir, next time we meet, I hope you will receive me as a real countryman." "Weel," said the old North Briton, "I'm jest thinking, my lad, ye're nae Scotchman; but I'll tell ye what ye are — ye're jest an improved Englishman."

Our last story shall be illustrative of the language of Scotland. It is drawn from the chapter in which Dean Ramsay has collected all sorts of tales of the dialect; and it affords an example of the prominence said to be given to vowels in Scotch discourse. The dialogue is between a shopman and a customer, and the conversation relates to a plaid hanging at the shop door: —

Customer (inquiring the material). — Oo ? (wool ?)

Shopman. — Ay, oo (yes, wool).

Customer. — A' oo ? (all wool ?)

Shopman. — Ay, a' oo (yes, all wool).

Customer. — A' ae oo ? (all same wool ?)

Shopman. — Ay, a' ae oo (yes, all the same wool).

— a little bit of dialogue that might form part of a *theatre impossible*; for it would be too much even for Mr. Clarke, of "Bonnie Fishwife" celebrity.

Perhaps we have said all that needs to be said about Dean Ramsay's amusing book. It is not a book on which we can generalize: it is not, even, in our opinion, a book to be read industriously; but rather to be taken up now and then, when a man wants to go to a printed page to get a harmless laugh. It is a perfect repertory of humorous anecdote, and it is as such that we prefer to regard it, rather than as a systematic exponent of Scottish character. As it is very amusing, very desultory, and quite unburdened with philosophic reflections, we are at no loss to account for the popularity it has already attained.

A writer in the London times, in condemning the expression "the Commons disagree to the amendment of the Lords," also attacks the phrase "different to" notwithstanding the fact

\* Ghastly

that it has been used by the best modern English writers. And this reminds the New York Times of a little story, as Mr. Lincoln might say :—

"Thackeray, perhaps the most consummate master of English of his day, was once talking with the poet Lowell (himself hardly, if at all, the inferior of Thackeray in that respect) with regard to 'Henry Esmond,' which the novelist had just finished. He challenged Mr. Lowell to find a single sentence or phrase in that book, which, so far as usage was concerned, a writer of Esmond's day would not have employed. Lowell promptly fastened upon 'different to,' and Thackeray was forced to own the slip into which modernized English had betrayed him."

The use of this phrase has not yet reached this country. — *Advertiser*.

From The Spectator 17 Aug.

#### THE MEETING AT SALZBURG.

THE subdued, and yet earnest and suspicious curiosity with which Europe is watching for the results of the conference of Salzburg between the Emperor and the French and the Kaiser, to come off, it is arranged, on Monday next, is unfortunately only too intelligible. Two such Conferences have occurred since Napoleon has mounted the throne of France, each has been followed by a great war, and this one, if it produces a war at all, will produce a greater one than any seen in Europe since 1815. The cycle has come round at last, and the heir to Richelieu's labours is compelled to see if he cannot undo Richelieu's greatest work. The Emperor of the French goes to Salzburg with his Foreign Secretary to see if it be not possible to find in Austria the firm and great ally whom, for the second time in his career, he so sorely needs. The rise of Prussia has suddenly, in less than a year, rendered Napoleon doubtful of his own unaided strength, and in all Europe there is only Austria whose alliance can be of any service to his immediate designs. The position of France is, for the moment, singularly isolated, and not so completely without danger as English publicists are apt to assume. The Emperor, even supposing that he contemplates no war on Prussia, is aware that a war may at any moment be forced on him by opinion — the French for example, would expect him to fight if Wurtemberg declared itself Prussian — and he must, to fight with reasonable safety, be sure of three things, — the quiescence of Italy, the neutrality of Spain, and the active friendship of some one of the great

Powers of Europe. His need for the neutrality of Italy goes, as his subjects say, without talking. Italy now commands 300,000 very efficient soldiers — Englishmen think them inefficient, but they are at least as good as Frenchmen outside the *corps d'élite* — in Savoy they would be in a friendly country, and even a serious menace from them would paralyze a third of the strength of France. Victor Emanuel does not love the man who took his birth-place, and Italy would risk much for a certainty of Rome. Queen Isabella, again, is Bourbon, rules 17,000,000 of persons not friendly to France, can put 120,000 very excellent infantry in motion, and might if she chose compel Napoleon to keep 100,000 men within a hundred miles of the Pyrenees. It is said — we do not vouch for the statement, but we incline strongly to believe it — that she took the opportunity of the Luxemburg affair to demand terms for Rome, — not for Spain, but Spain is as eager for Rome as for herself, — which startled Napoleon more than any incident in that negotiation, and revived his enthusiasm for a *levée en masse*. At all events it is essential, in the judgment of M. Guizot as of Marshal Niel, that Spain, which is far nearer to France than Ireland to Great Britain, which has no foreign policy and an ultramontane bigot as sovereign, should be at least secure. And then, these points secured, Napoleon wants the alliance of one great power. The stakes to be played, if he challenges Prussia, are of frightful amount. It is by no means certain that France must win in such a contest, it is in truth exceedingly doubtful, and nothing less than success will justify the risk in French eyes. Granting, as we should grant freely, that France could never be conquered, that she could throw out by a convulsive effort any invader, or any coalition of invaders, that no statesman with the brain of Von Bismarck would ever ask from France territorial cessions, we must still perceive there is no certainty for Napoleon himself. France will not accept humiliation and Bonapartes together. The Emperor has his throne to think of as well as France, and to make his throne secure he must make victory nearly a certainty, or at least so probable that defeat will be only a proof of the uncertainty of war. He is searching, therefore, for an ally, and an ally worth having is very hard to find. The Russian Court, it seems clear, has finally refused his overtures. He cannot grant the one bribe which at St. Petersburg would cancel all engagements, — the possession of Constantinople, — and short of

that the Czar has more to fear from Frederick William, who could raise Poland with a wave of his hand, and send 30,000 fine Polish troops to lead the insurrection, than from any other potentate or power. Scandinavia is friendly, not to say coquettish, but modern war is on a scale too heavy for Scandinavia, which, despite all the speeches now uttering by enthusiastic Danes, could not occupy 50,000 Prussians, and would risk extinction or a Russian Protectorate in occupying them. She might shell Memel or Dantzic, but that would be of little more assistance in the war than tearing off a man's coat-tails in a set-to. The nationalities are of no use, for Posen cannot rise with both Berlin and St. Petersburg opposed, and Posen excepted Prussia is homogeneous. The minor German States have been sounded, and do not respond to the half-hesitating touch. Hanover is not keenly loyal, perhaps, but as against Frenchmen Hanover will give her last man. Davoust settled that for his master's nephew, and Napoleon knows too much to believe the assurances of the Duke of Cumberland. Hesse would be powerless even if the Grand Duke were more than tolerated, the Lower Chamber of Wurtemberg has just announced that it will fight, if fight must be, with and not against North Germany, and ultramontane Bavaria is slowly yielding to resistless attraction. Her statesmen know their own history too well to believe in France. There is no hope there or in Italy, where the Government has no money for a great war, claims Rome as the reward of mere neutrality, and is bitterly sensitive to French imperiousness. England, if friendly—and England's opinion is by no means certain—is not disposed, indeed, is not able, except under improbable provocation, to land battalions on the Continent, and in a war with Germany battalions may prove more useful than what we are pleased to call moral support. If Prussia had her fleet, England might be invaluable, but then that fleet is only one of the certainties of the future. There is no ally except Austria upon whom France can calculate, and it is to secure Austria that the Emperor Napoleon is gone to Salzburg with his Minister for Foreign Affairs.

Will he secure Austria? It is very difficult, it is nearly impossible, to answer a question which still depends mainly on the will of one singularly reserved and not overable man, but we should say he would not. It is possible that Napoleon may, as in Lombardy, enchant or captivate his interlocutor. If is possible, also, that he may offer such a

chance of glorious vengeance that the Kaiser, who is Hapsburg and Ultramontane, devoted to his dignity and his Church, both of which have suffered fearfully, may resolve to stake all upon one more throw to be master of all South Germany—that must be the bribe—or King of Hungary alone. This is possible, but all the probabilities are the other way. The Kaiser cannot have forgotten what France has inflicted on him, the loss of Italy, the loss of his brother, the rejection of his alliance after Sadowa. He is German at heart still, and though there is loyalty left in German Austria, it is by no means certain that it is strong enough to bear alliance with a foreigner, and a hated foreigner, for the sake of breaking up the now visible German unity. The Kaiser is King of Hungary, and it is by no means the interest of Hungary to re-unite herself to Germany, or to fight heartily against Prussia, who can offer her a protected autonomy, and who would have done it if the late war had lasted another month. The Kaiser is King of Bohemia, and Bohemia prefers the present state of affairs, under which she hopes, very irrationally, that an enclave of Germany, with a population of five millions, a German aristocracy, and a separate dialect, may become—something no Czech quite knows what. Doubtless amidst all this the troops would move as they were bid, and they are numerous and brave; but they could not get at France at once, and while a Prussian victory on French soil would excite in Vienna a fever of pro-German enthusiasm, a French victory on Prussian soil would cause an explosion of anti-Gallican hostility. The Kaiser, moreover, has an empty treasury, and though a suspension of interest on his bonds would relieve rather than injure his finances, it would destroy his last chance of German sympathy. Frankfort hates Prussia, but it dearly loves dividends paid in cash on the day they are due. And, finally, there is no certainty that Russia will remain quiet if Austria moves; and if she does not, Austria will be compelled to post at least half her force in Galicia and the valley of the Danube, far away from the immediate scene of action. She cannot see her own provinces in rebellion, or the key of her house in Russian hands.

It is possible, we admit, but it is scarcely probable that the Kaiser, with his personal pride wounded by the fate of his brother, a fate due, when all is said, mainly to Napoleon, with his German subjects hesitating, his Hungarian subjects intent on autonomy, his Polish subjects looking at Russian bribes as if they thought them tempting, and his

army still without breech-loaders, will run the tremendous risk. The Hapsburgs have never been madmen, never unable to wait, seldom disposed for ventures in which the stake covered more than they could pay. Unless an evil destiny, as half Europe believes, is making sport of the House, its fortunes will not once more be placed on the green cloth. Much may depend on Baron von Beust, and Baron von Beust hates Prussia; but he is not a Hapsburg, not a Catholic, not a friend of France, and not an original, but only a criticizing genius. No man in Europe sees a coming collision more clearly, and no man in Europe is less likely to shut off the safety-valve, and trust to the momentum of his speed.

Napoleon will return, we conceive, with the alliance unmade, and then what will he do? Will he fight, or "crown the edifice," or gloomily await what fate may send, or turn upon smaller powers, or what? We doubt if there is a man in Europe, himself included, who can yet form a definite idea; but the balance of probabilities would still seem to be greatly in favor of war. It is but power to power, after all, for none of the reasons which would impel the Kaiser to reject an alliance with Paris would impel him to form one with Berlin. Napoleon might win, and then all is smooth for him; and if he loses, it is but giving away to the Revolution, after all. The real alternative is to grant liberty at once, and if there is a man in Europe to whom the *role* of constitutional sovereign must seem impossible it is Napoleon, who has accomplished so much by secrecy and surprise. His greatness and his weakness, his dreamy but still grand statemanship, and his fears for his personal ease and security, are alike opposed to concessions which would in his view terminate his authority. His is not the temper to play the *role* of King's cloak, not the intellect which can make itself master of a free Cabinet. He will probably fight, even if he is alone; but if he wins the Kaiser he will certainly fight, and that is why the meeting of Salzburg is watched with such intense anxiety.

---

THE CHARACTER INSURANCE COMPANY.—  
 "Do you believe in Phrenology?" Many to whom this question is put, reply, "I believe in the general principles, but not in the bumps." Are they right as to their belief in the general principles?

What is the brain? Of what use is the mass of delicately organized nervous matter which fills the head? That of mere stuffing?

Is it a substance no more important than so much fat? Has the brain any connexion with the mind? Does its development really in general vary with the varieties of mental character? Does the conformation of the brain, generally, indeed determine the shape of the head? Do those men whose heads most resemble the heads of apes, approach the nearest of all mankind to the lower animals? The nearer the heads of men ascend to the type of SHAKESPEARE'S head, do not men rise the higher in the scale of humanity? Are not our artists right when, whether instinctively or from observation, they draw a noble-minded man with a high head, and a villain with a villanous low one? Compare the heads of clergymen in general with those of criminals? Is there not a general difference between the clerical and criminal head? Look at the photographs in the shop-windows. Contrast the foreheads of men of eminent intellect with those of all the fools you meet. Do they not, for the most part, obviously differ?

Suppose Phrenology to be true no further than this, that it is possible to estimate the development of the brain in a general way, as it is in the same way to estimate that of the muscles, and so to judge of mental endowment or deficiency as of strength, relative or absolute, of the bodily frame,

This supposition forms the basis of a project for the establishment of a Character Insurance Company (Limited, of course).

It is proposed that the Directors of this Company shall be a Board of practical phrenologists, not one of whom shall ever have convicted himself of humbug by going about and lecturing to popular audiences on a matter of science. Their duty, in addition to transacting the Company's pecuniary business, shall consist in examining the heads of persons willing to submit to that scrutiny, and pay for it. They shall furnish each applicant with what to the best of their judgment is a correct account of his disposition and abilities, and shall also give him a certificate stating the class of heads which his own head belongs to.

Heads may, for practical purposes, be arranged in three divisions; the first consisting of heads whose conformation denotes moral and intellectual excellence, the second, of those whereof the proportions indicate average understanding and respectability; the heads of the third being such as are characteristic of the dangerous classes, and may be generalised under the common denomination of the criminal head.

If this Classification of heads could be made with so much as a rough approach to the truth, it would greatly avail to the present restoration of commercial confidence and the prevention of panics in future. Shareholders, resolving to intrust with the management of their affairs none but gentlemen possessing certificates of being gifted with first class heads, would at least very much diminish the chances of having their interests neglected and their money

squandered or embezzled. If they reposed confidence in men with second-class heads, they would know what they were about, they would take due precaution, demand sufficient security of their officers, and look sharp after them. Candidates for confidential employment marked in the third class of heads, would not be very likely to present their certificates.

The Character Insurance Company will tend to supply a want which is now severely felt; the want of employment for capital which has reduced the rate of interest to two per cent. It will furnish the public with the means of ascertaining, in some measure, whom they can depend upon; and will do something to prevent the recurrence of such a scandal as the financial smash of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway.

N. B. The author of this Prospectus has, for his own part, a head of the first-class—warranted A 1; a development quite incompatible with receiving subscriptions, and bolting with the money.—*Punch*.

**MINISTERING CHILDREN: A SEQUEL.** By Maria Louisa Charlesworth. (Seeley.)—The feeling produced by reading this story is one that it is not easy to analyze or give an account of in the way of criticism. The work does not seem so much a story as a family history of our friends and neighbours. As soon as we are formally introduced to any of the characters we know them just as we know people in real life, neither more nor less; and if we do not see into their hearts, or understand the springs of their action, that never strikes us as otherwise than natural. All the children, for instance, are real children to us; and if we disapprove of any thing about them, we should send for their nurse, instead of finding fault with Miss Charlesworth. If any thing goes wrong in the story, she cannot help it. We have no right to complain of the registrar if a marriage or death has to be entered in the book. When the doctor reports a serious case of illness, we have no reason for being discontented with him. This, we say, is the effect produced by Miss Charlesworth's story; and it is no wonder that with this effect, her stories should be such general favourites. In the present one, the account of the blind man and his dog, of the rescue of a child from a mill stream by the dog, and the danger incurred by the preserver, of the conversion of the old nurse from a grumpy, discontented woman to an active benefactor, of the victory of the quiet governess over mother and children, will be read and reread in many families. It may be that we have been too long accustomed to stronger meat, or that Miss Charlesworth writes too purely for the young; but we confess that if we force ourselves to be critical, we must object a little to the universal rose-pink atmosphere of the story. But, as we said at the outset, we have no right to be critical, and on this occasion, at least, we are happy to abdicate our functions.—*Spectator*.

**DR. JAMES JACKSON.**—The time has not yet arrived for doing justice to the character and services of Dr. James Jackson. The first expressions of love and honor which follow him to his resting place, are only such as have been long on the lips of all who knew him, mingled with the natural regrets which seem almost selfish when we remember his age and its infirmities. The general verdict of his contemporaries among us would doubtless have been that he was the model practitioner of their generation. The voice of the profession would absurdly assign him the same position among the teachers of the art of healing.

He himself would have been so unwilling to be over-estimated that those who knew him best cannot help feeling as if they were restrained by the memory of his own serene and tempered judgment in using the terms which at once suggest themselves when speaking of his gifts and virtues. Yet an intelligence so lucid, a knowledge so practical, a skill so consummate, a devotion to his duties so entire, a spirit so cheerful, a benevolence so thoughtful, a character so truly balanced, a long life so filled with noble service can hardly be fairly spoken of without our seeming to use the rhetoric of eulogy. Keeping close to the truth, as known and acknowledged in the community where he has lived so long, we find that we have drawn what looks like an ideal portrait.

He would not have claimed for himself any extraordinary intellectual attributes, any more than he would have claimed any special merit for the style of those "Letters to a Young Physician" which were mentioned in these columns a day or two since among those writings by which "literature as well as science and history," gained much more than it would have "gained by the arrival of fifty new knights 'sworn specially to 'letters.'"

But sagacious observing instincts, well-adjusted reflecting powers, and practical energy to use them efficiently, are not often found in such large measure, so harmoniously blended. He was a child to learn, a father to teach, a brother to help.

We might perhaps find men in whom single qualities were more developed than any one for which he was distinguished; not easily a man whose outfit for the duties of life was more admirable, and who used all his faculties to greater advantage. He retained his power and his disposition to be useful into some of the last years of his protracted life. When mind and body alike felt the weight of infirmity, his tender affections still drew him to those he loved. There is a story that old men have been kept alive by transferring the fresh blood from young veins into their own. Many young hearts were tributary through nobler channels to his old age. It seemed as if the love of the second and third and fourth generations gave new light to his eye and fresh color to his cheek, as they gathered around him to look, to listen, to serve, to caress. It was a rare delight to meet in his own home this most beloved of old men, who seemed to have hoarded the sun-



shine of more than fourscore years to give it back in smiles to those whom he has now left in a world less bright since he is gone.

So passes from us the last of those three brothers whom many of us remember as honors to their several callings, types and patterns of the best class of American citizens. United in the dearest friendship while they lived, we may hope that they are at length reunited among the good and faithful servants who have entered into the joy of their Lord. As the last of them leaves us we seem to look upon them once more as when we used to see them together in their daily walk. Charles, grave, learned, judicial by nature, gentle, unselfish, modest, whom to have known is the most precious legacy of the past to many of the living; Patrick, great-hearted, impetuous, sanguine, constructive, executive, whose footprints were among the first along the opening track of New England's progress; and with them this teacher of teachers, this healer of the sick, this counsellor of the perplexed, this consoler of the sorrowful, this benefactor of the needy, whose sympathies were boundless as the day, and whose priceless labors extended through two-thirds of a century. With all gratitude for his beautiful and most useful life, feeling as we must, that he had filled the full measure of his usefulness, it is yet with reverent hearts that we strike from the roll of living men the revered and cherished name of JAMES JACKSON.

— *Daily Advertiser*.

H.

DR. JACKSON. — Our honored and venerable fellow-citizen, Dr. James Jackson, died in this city on Tuesday, having nearly completed his ninetieth year. He was the son of Hon. Jonathan Jackson of Newburyport and a brother of the late Judge Charles Jackson and Patrick T. Jackson. He was born in Newburyport, October 3, 1777, and graduated at Harvard College in 1796. Of the class of that year he was the last survivor. He was admitted to the Massachusetts Medical Society in 1802, and within three years from that date had won so prominent a position in his profession that he was appointed, in connection with Dr. John C. Warren, to compile a pharmacopoeia for the society. In 1812 he became professor of the theory and practice of medicine in the Harvard Medical School, and held that place for twenty-four years. He was a physician to the Massachusetts General Hospital, of which he was one of the founders; and was several times elected to the presidency of the Massachusetts Medical Society. His contributions to medical literature were exceedingly valuable, and were noticed by medical societies at home and abroad with high commendation.

Dr. Jackson's great skill and quick sympathy gained for him in a remarkable degree the confidence and love of his patients, who were loth

to release him from their service even after his mental and physical powers had evidently begun to fail. Never of robust constitution, he enjoyed through life an equable health, which he maintained by his regular habits of living and by his cheerful and elastic temperament. About a year and a half ago his mental faculties suddenly failed, while his bodily health was still tolerably good. From that period all his powers gradually declined; but he has only been confined to his house since the beginning of last winter. He had no particular sickness, and suffered but little if any during this time, his death resulting rather from general exhaustion incident to old age, than from any assignable local disease. He leaves five children, numerous grandchildren, and several great-grandchildren.

We need not say that the news of his death will be received with a very sincere and wide spread sorrow. — *Boston Advertiser*, 29 August.

## MY LOVE AND I.

WE never spoke a word of love,  
We never named its name,  
As through the leafy wood, and down  
The shadowed path we came;  
And yet — and yet — I almost think,  
Although I can't tell why,  
His love is mine, and mine is his;  
We're ours — my love and I.

Here let me sit, and live in thought  
Those blissful hours again,  
And ere I hoard them in my heart  
Their sap and sweetness drain.  
The bluebells hung their fair young heads  
Beneath the bluer sky;  
We talked of trivial, common things, —  
We talked — my love and I.

And once — how well I know the spot —  
We stopped beside the brook,  
And saw the gurgling waters, as  
Their sunlit way they took.  
My eyes met his, the soul of love  
In that brief glance did lie,  
My eyelids drooped — we watched the stream  
Flow past — my love and I.

And now, I've nothing more to say;  
My heart won't let me tell  
The silent talk our spirits had,  
The charm that o'er us fell.  
I am not sure, but still I think,  
Although I can't tell why,  
His love is mine, and mine is his;  
We're ours — my love and I.

— *Argosy*.

## EUTHANASIA.

In darkest hour of God-forgetting peace,  
 In bitterest woe,  
 Rose the free spirit of awakened Greece  
 To strike one blow  
 For sacred Freedom; in the tyrant's face  
 Blazed fierce, once more,  
 The wrath that erewhile swept the Persian's  
 trace  
 From the Attic shore.  
 Mid those most sacred hills and vales, — where  
 erst,  
 Ere men ruled men,  
 In arms of Gods the high Gods themselves were  
 nursed, —  
 Were born again  
 The godlike soul and godlike deed; even we,  
 Earth's latest brood,  
 Unworthiest offspring of the brave and free,  
 The wise and good, —  
 We cannot choose but praise in words too weak,  
 Too cold, too low,  
 Those true men, whom death needed not to  
 seek  
 As friend or foe;  
 Who nobly scorned the dead life of the slave,  
 Who rose alone,  
 Strong in the might of Right, to avenge and  
 save;  
 On the altar stone  
 Of Freedom to lay down in sacrifice,  
 For others' weal,  
 Man's noblest offering, — Death's most worthy  
 prize —  
 Souls tried as steel.  
 We praise them; — but our dissonant praise  
 must mar  
 The holy theme:  
 Their glory casts on our dark lives from far  
 One radiant gleam.  
 Through dark and weary years, through Free-  
 dom's Night,  
 When Hellas bowed  
 Under the Crescent's flame, when iron might,  
 In triumph loud,  
 Wasted the hallowed spots once consecrate  
 With Freeman's blood;  
 When the Turk, victor at the Golden Gate,  
 Blood-sprinkled stood;  
 Among the glens of Ida, the green glades,  
 Where Zeus was reared,  
 Where the stern king whose sentence awes the  
 shades  
 Living was feared:  
 Burned, fierce and fearless, Freedom's sacred  
 flame,  
 Unquenched and strong,  
 Glowed with diviner fire, Crete's ancient fame  
 That slept so long.  
 When Greece aroused her from her fettered  
 slumber,  
 And dared be free,  
 A shout of welcome from a voice of number  
 Pealed o'er the sea.  
 Now, once again in Europe's rearing,  
 When earth is shakened,

When the crushed Titan the piled mount de-  
 spising,

Rises to waken;  
 When fair and fallen Italy, uplifted  
 By God's own hand,

Stands one and free; when chains and thrones  
 are rifted

In every land;  
 Think ye that those who fought for Greece,  
 their mother,

For Christ on Cross,  
 Vanquished and tortured can their soul's love  
 smother,

Forget their loss?  
 They fought unaided, suffered unsubdued,  
 By Kings betrayed;

Base tongues belied them, slander subtle and  
 lewd

Its foul plots laid.  
 But worsted thus, even thus their true hearts  
 quail not,

Their hope sublime  
 Patient and watchful, waits the hour that fails  
 not,

God's chosen time!  
 — *Spectator.* E. D. J. W.

## IN THE CHOIR.

Ox rolled the mighty melody, as though  
 A multitude passed by —  
 A sea of sound and sweetness; here and there  
 A clear young voice pealed high:

A glory crept along the vaulted roof,  
 And tinged the old grey stone;  
 The sunshine stole it from the windows where  
 The saints each stood alone.

Below knelt youth and beauty in their pride,  
 Fair as the flowers of June. —  
 How did that psalm of strife and agony  
 Chime with each young heart's tune!

And then the heavy oaken door swung back:  
 A woman entered in —  
 Wan in the face, and weary in her mien,  
 Her garments soiled and thin;

And, like a blot upon a robe, she stood  
 Amid the gorgeous fane;  
 And youth and beauty drew themselves apart,  
 And she went out again.

Still, where the pictured Twelve Apostles stood  
 The light came coloured fair;  
 But yet methought those men of Galilee  
 Had scarce been welcome there!

— *Good Words.* ISABELLA FIVE.